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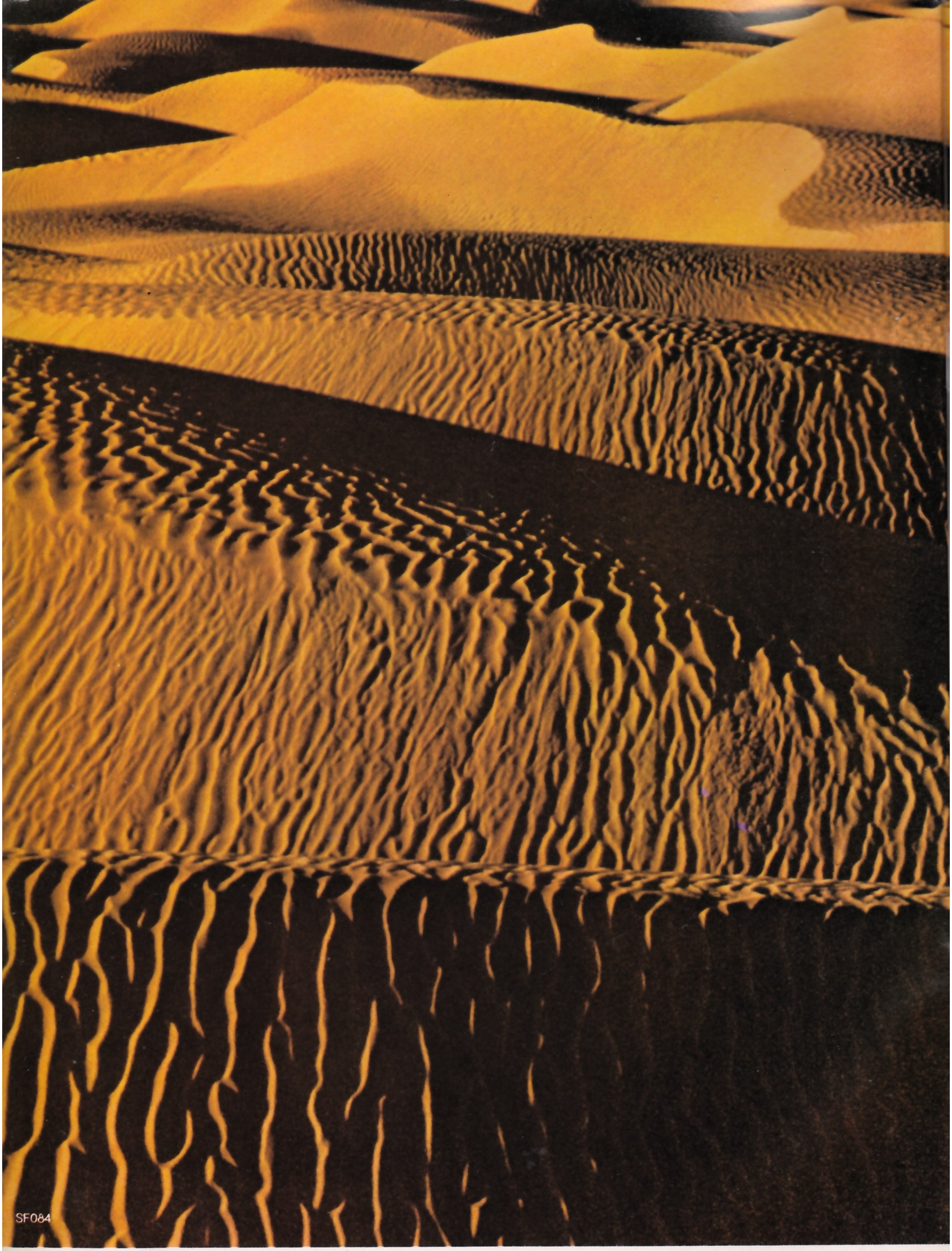

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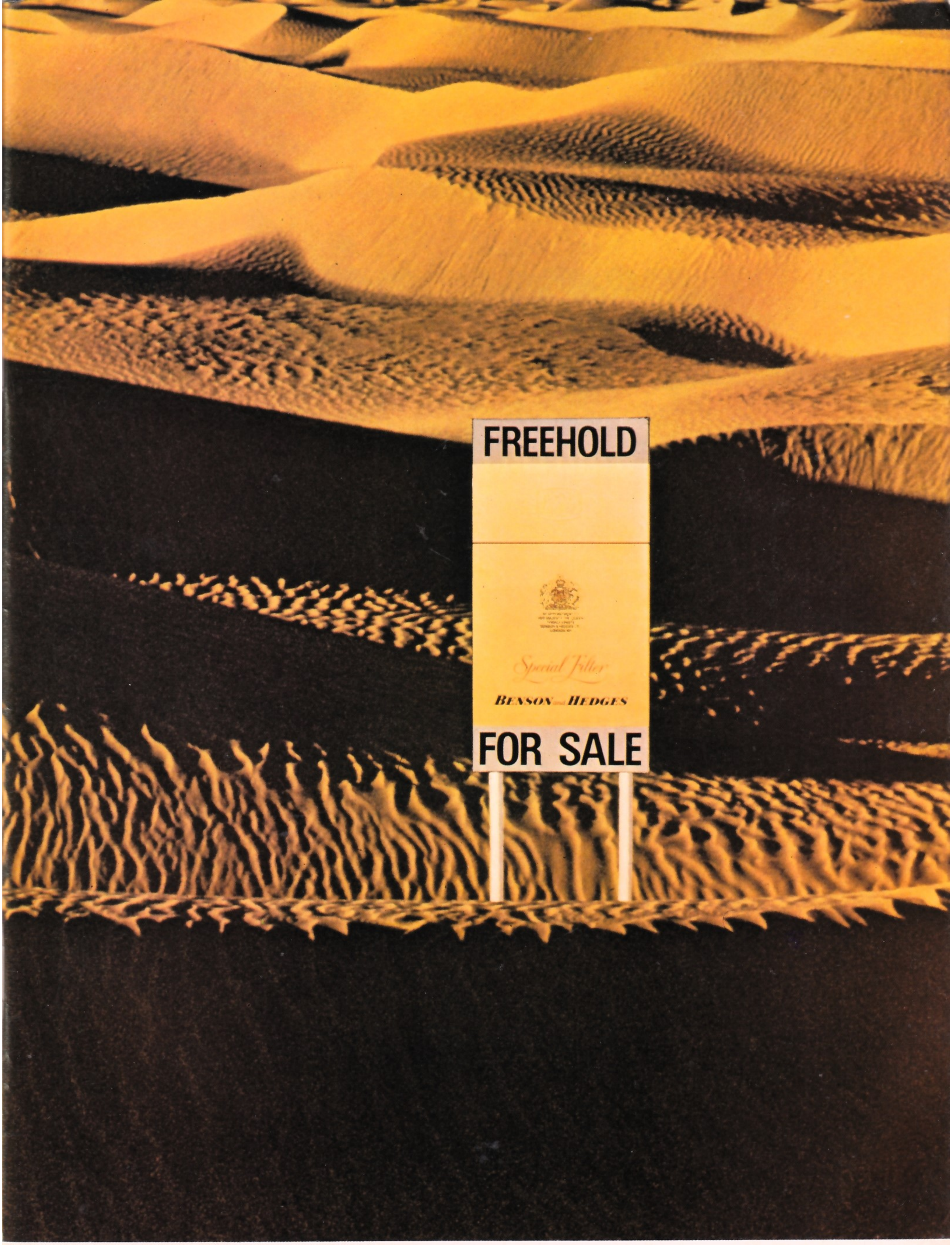
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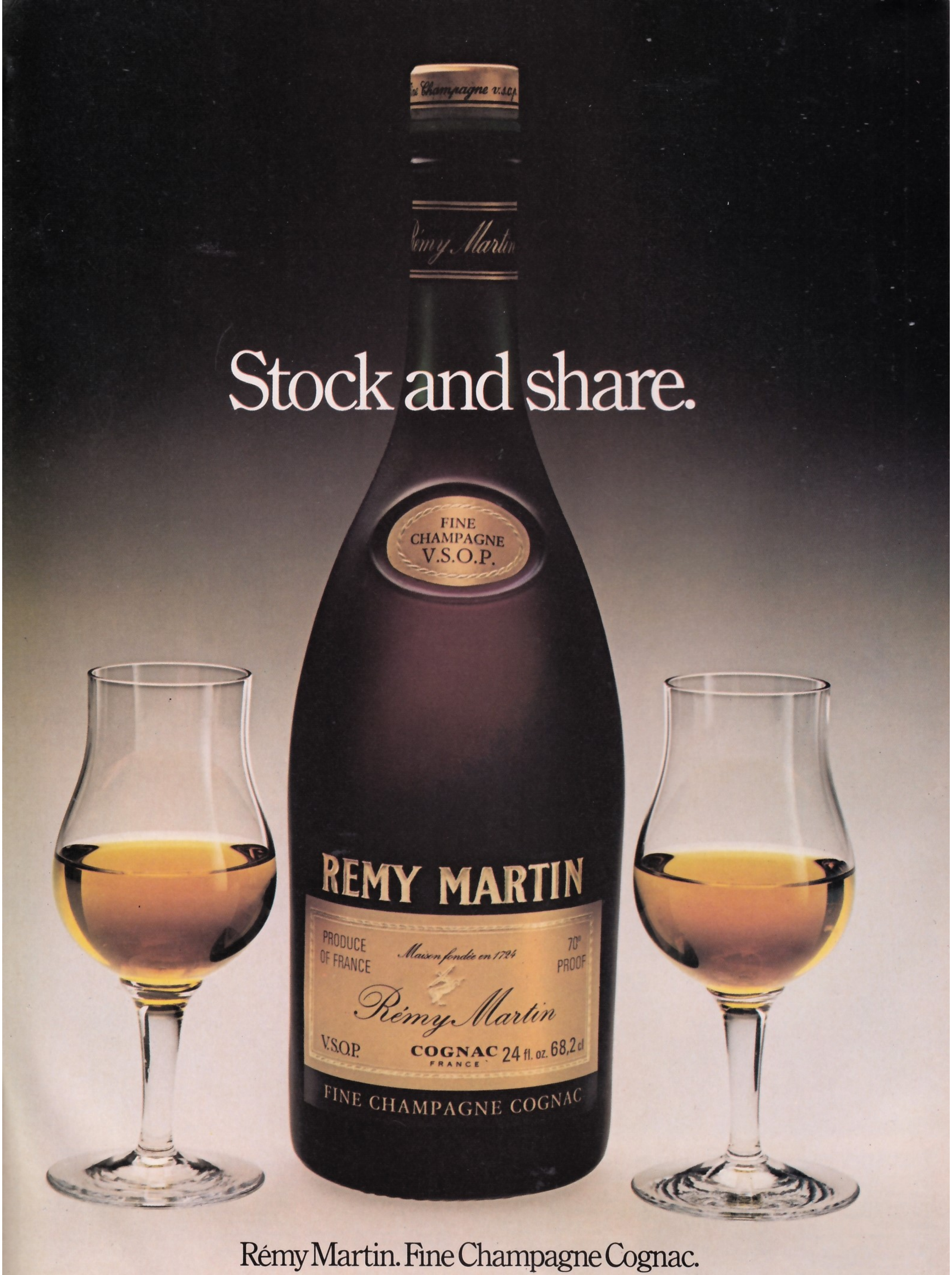
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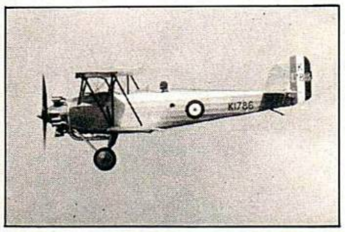

Castanet Consuela, page 60. Winged wonders, page 52

SPECIAL FEATURES			page
Lord Cardigan:	Hero or villain? Or both?	*Mark Seaman*	38
Wings at Old Warden:	Historic aircraft in their element	*Malcolm English*	52
French Phrases:	The ones you really need to know	*John Fergus Ryan*	78
The Modern Ms:	What today's girls get up to	*Ronald Cobb*	97
Bangkok Bonanza:	Try a trip to Thailand with our Travel Club		123
Carrie:	Statuesque Carrie is just too real	*Steve Kingston*	124
GIRLS			
Alana:	A favourite girl returns by popular request	*Roy Brewington*	28
Birgit:	The Miss Denmark poses the BBC can't show	*Victor Bruun*	44
Consuela:	Madrid maiden reveals her maracas	*Ed Alexander*	60
On the Beach:	Eight bikini-unclad girls	*Siwer Ohlsson*	84
Pat:	A most fortifying forty-year-old	*Roy Brewington*	100
Carol:	Sex-in-chains girl look-a-like unshackled	*Lance Kincaid*	116
HUMOUR			
Highland Fling:	Under-the-kilt look at the Highland Gathering	*Peter Maddocks*	19
Gentlemen, That Reminds Me:	Our round-up of your choice jokes		77
Global Sex:	How different races get it together	*Brian Forbes*	91
INFORMERS			
Motoring:	BMW capitalise on their initial years	*William Boddy*	70
Quest:	Is open-air sex special?		107
FICTION			
The Lolita Waltz:	Take your partners for the Nymphets' Ball		16
READER SERVICES	**Letters**/page 13 **Book Club**/page 23 **Back Numbers**/page 24 **Film Club**/page 99 **Quest Back Numbers**/page 114 **Bullet Offer**/page 98 **Calendar Offer**/page 15		
CRITICS	**Books, Films, Discs**		22

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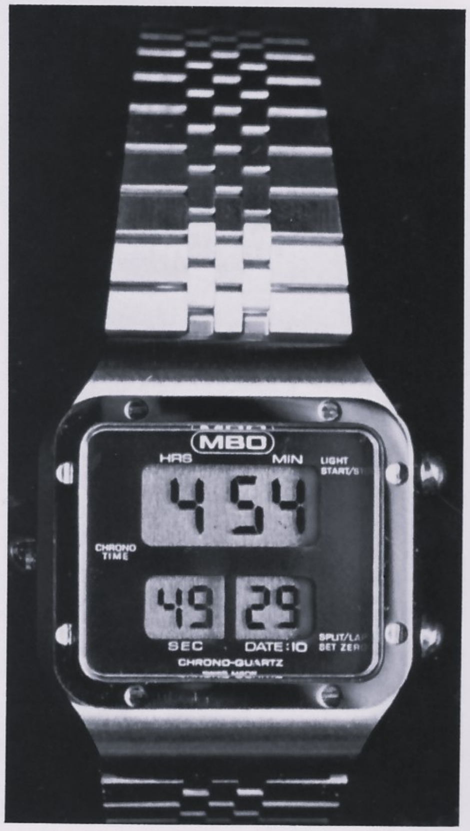

We could tell you this instrument is worth £60; £75; even £100. But how do you set a value on advanced Japanese technology allied to centuries old Swiss craftsmanship? This is the new generation of multi-function quartz chronographs. Stack display means essential information is displayed not only constantly as with most ordinary digital quartz watches, but also simultaneously. This means not just hours and minutes, but hours, minutes, seconds and date all in one constant display mode. No more fiddling for the date when the time is displayed, and vice-versa. But that's not the only advanced feature. This chronograph is programmed for four years. In a leap year, one simple adjustment is all that's needed at the end of February to re-programme for a further four years.

It has a stainless-steel, fully waterproof casing and strap; a built-in light for night reading, and a stop-watch facility which allows split-timings. A stop-watch alone with this facility could easily cost the price we are asking for this chronometer. It is assembled by Swiss craftsmen and is yours for an incredibly low £39-95 (+p&p).

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For all these functions, your chronograph has just 3 buttons. In the normal display mode the hour, minute, second and date are constantly displayed. To change to the other functions you simply press the appropriate button sequence and the information you want is instantly displayed. It really is child's play, and full operating instructions are supplied.

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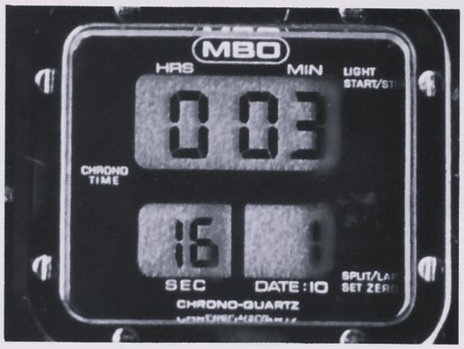

Stop-watch function allows split times to be taken.

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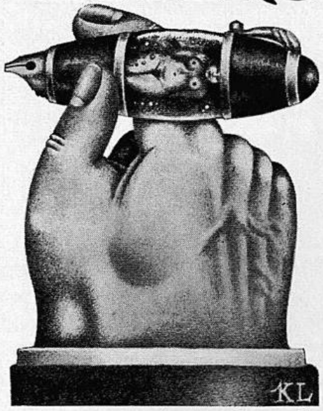
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

I am writing a comedy called 'How To Seduce A Man/Woman' and need some original ideas. I would, therefore, be grateful if you would ask your readers to write, informing me of their experiences – whether they be the seducer or the seduced – if they feel the circumstances were unique and different from the usual 'wine and dine at a restaurant and then back to the flat' situation.

I do not need to know of the intimate details of the seduction, just the build up to it.

Your readers can be assured of complete privacy at all times and no action will be taken without first contacting the writer.

R F Brett, East Claydon

Any readers who would like to tell Mr Brett and us anecdotes of their various seductions which were unusual should send the letters to us.

It was sheer coincidence that I happened to switch on the TV the other evening to be confronted with the delightful and instantly recognisable charms of Jacci Lowes, as part of the Thames Report on men's magazines.

Apart from the obvious interest in the programme provided by Jacci, it was good to see, at last, some sort of action being levelled against the pornographic mags which unfortunately put *Mayfair* in a bad light merely by their presence on the bookshelves.

As any intelligent man knows, *Mayfair* is a high-quality, tastefully-presented magazine which, as Kenneth Bound rightly pointed out, is aimed at men, for men. It is by no means a crude, perverted rag designed for dirty old men in raincoats.

I'm afraid I know of no other magazine of its general type which comes anywhere near *Mayfair's* high, and in comparison moral, standards. Even similar long-standing mags such as *Playboy* and *Penthouse* have sunk to a lower level. The others aren't worth a mention.

I hope you continue to keep up this high standard. Not only do I praise *Mayfair* for your staunch efforts in keeping the filth at bay, but also Miss Pat Hughes of the Wimbledon Action Committee, also featured prominently in the Thames Report.

Miss Hughes is to be congratulated for bringing to the attention of the public the dangers of unopposed pornography.

She has the support of a good number of sensible people, including myself, as randy a travelling salesman as you would ever wish to meet. Yes, I proudly uphold the tradition of the travelling superstud. Miss Hughes is wished every success, but I hope she does not include *Mayfair* in her purge. That would be a great mistake.

However, there is a brickbat I must launch in *Mayfair's* direction. Several of these useless rags unfortunately feature *Mayfair* dollies on their glossy front covers. How come? I feel positive that most of your models wouldn't like to be associated with hard-core pornography.

Is the financial reward worth the black mark on *Mayfair's* reputation? My personal opinion is 'no', but perhaps you could enlighten me.

Nevertheless, *Mayfair*, you're doing a great job and I hope you keep it up. You feature some beautiful girls.

David Carey, Barking

Thanks for your support. The point about Mayfair *models on the covers of other magazines is due to the fact that a girl is free to model with another photographer who in turn sells his work to other magazines.*

A little over a year ago I saw an advert for a Far East holiday in a well-known magazine. As much of the time would be spent in Bangkok I persuaded my boyfriend to book up, even though I thought the rest of the people would be pretty dull. We could enjoy ourselves as we wished.

You can imagine how sick I felt when I saw an even better deal advertised in *Mayfair* just a few months before we were due to leave. I consoled myself by the thought that the *Mayfair* tour would be all men and I would be more secure with a mixed party.

At the airport we checked in for the flight and noticed another, smaller, party who turned out to be the *Mayfair* group. I asked a few polite questions and discovered they were two couples and two single men.

The girls were one absolute beauty of about 20 who is a celebrity and quite the most stunning lady I or my boyfriend have ever seen, and a woman of about 30 years dressed in the most chic and expensive clothes. They were both friendly-looking and attractive.

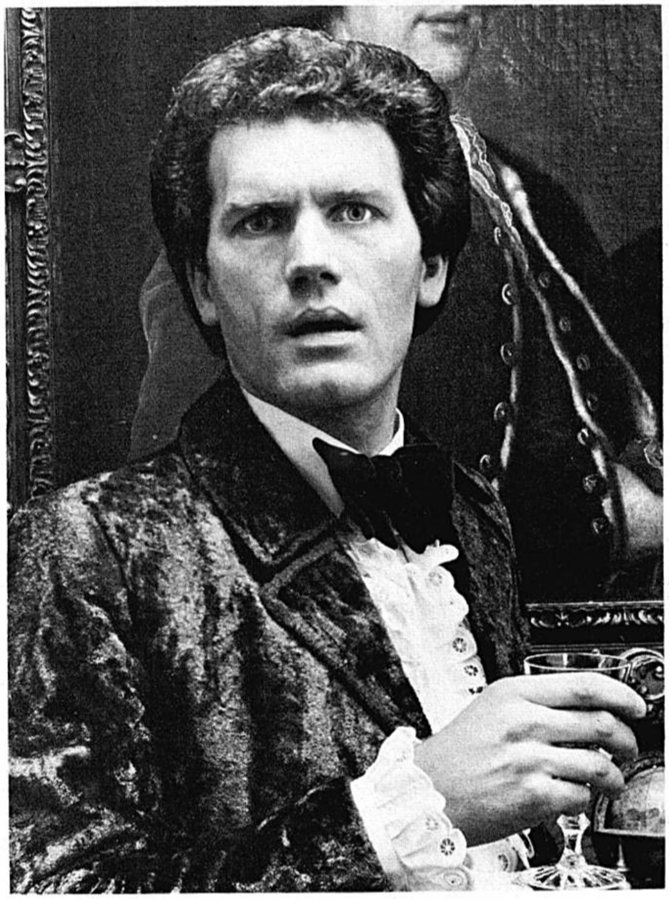
The two single men weren't my types but the couples were really nice people. Both of us would have given anything to be in the *Mayfair* party rather than our own.

I had been fantasising about Bangkok for months and when we finally arrived after a 22

turn to page 14

...RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

'I can't help feeling that it was a mistake to put the Gestapo in charge of traffic duties.'



Robert always stands out in a crowd. He's got
style,
great personality,
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and bad breath.
Sorry Robert.

Double Amplex
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BREATH FRESHENER CAPSULES
28 DOUBLE AMPLEX CAPSULES

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LETTERS

continued from page 13

hour flight it was all I had dreamed of. The hotel was first class and the city had a magic of its own.

After a rest we went out to dinner at a first class hotel and then on to a show which they recommended to us. The nightclub was a little shabby, but the show was outstanding. The most sexy acts possible were performed yet the atmosphere was so gentle. There was none of the sense of violence that one finds in the red light areas of London, Amsterdam or Paris and I felt quite safe.

My boyfriend asked me to undo the top of my dress so he could fondle my boobs while watching the live show. I did so and my breasts were totally exposed. Nobody was going to look at me when there was so much happening on the stage.

So with my boyfriend playing with my tits I lifted my skirt and started to play with myself. Suddenly I was aware of a hand touching my knee and it was not my boyfriend. I was so worked up I just let it happen. I was wearing a small pair of panties which tie at the sides.

The stranger's hand came up and gently undid the side nearest him. As my own fingers were on my clit he could only feel about my thighs and reached over and unfastened the far side. My boyfriend couldn't help but notice this, yet he just kept his eyes on the stage. My pants were then taken completely away from me.

The stranger, a European, then got down in front of me, forced my hand away and came down on me with his mouth. I won't ever forget the thrill of the moment his tongue started to lick me. I just didn't care. Nor did my boyfriend – he just started to suck my nipples.

I must have had a dozen orgasms before I forced myself to wake up to what was happening. The live show on the stage had ended and a light was being shone on us. I don't know how long it lasted but my boyfriend later said it was about 10 minutes.

I got dressed and pulled myself together. The man who had gone down on me was from Rome and spoke no English. My boyfriend spoke no Italian but they were shaking hands and seemed to have a good understanding. I wanted to go back to the hotel and make love, but my boyfriend said no. So we went to another club where I joined a topless dancer on stage, taking off my dress and leaving on only my small pants.

The men went wild and cheered me. The girl I danced with didn't in the least mind being upstaged and kissed me on the cheek. As I walked back the crowds parted to let me get to my boyfriend and nobody groped me.

My boyfriend told me not to get dressed yet. The lady who owned the club spoke perfect English and kept giving us drinks on the house. She asked me to go back on the stage, but this time would I take my G-string off? Actually they were brief knickers, but she thought I was a professional.

With my darling boyfriend's permission I obliged. The whole bar was cheering so I sat on a stool and opened my legs wide, turning on the stool in all directions so everyone could see everything.

Once again when I returned to the bar I was not molested. The lady who owned the bar took us to a massage parlour along the road. It was magnificently decorated and looked very high class.

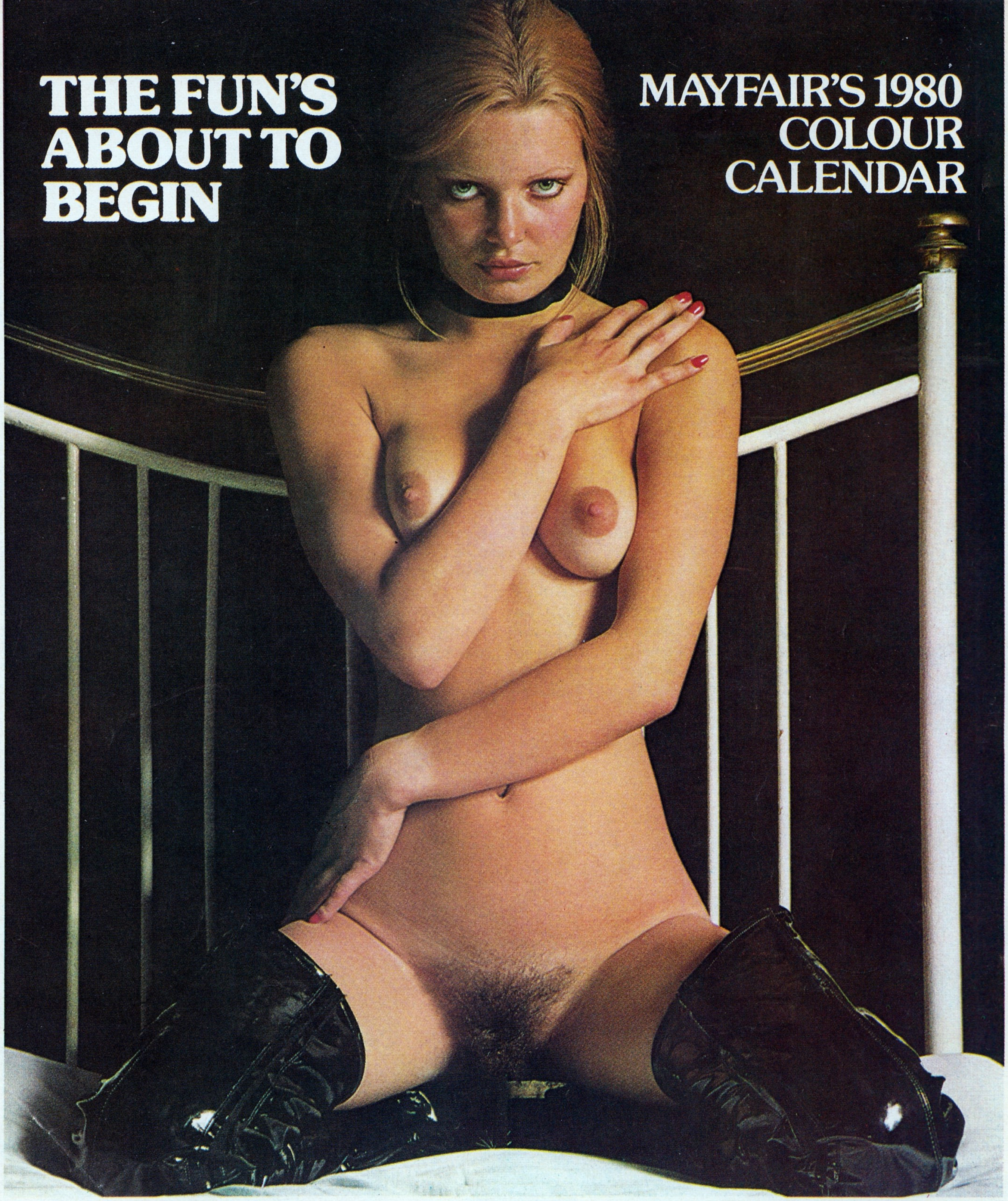
The manager took us to the window of what they call the 'goldfish bowl' and invited me to choose a girl for my boyfriend. So I picked the most lovely of all the girls and he went upstairs with her. I was taken to another room and a lovely slim Thai girl, very young-looking, came in. I thought she was about my age, 19.

She asked me to get undressed, ran a bath and asked me to step in. She then proceeded to bathe me all over so gently that I became aroused. Now I have never thought of myself as a lesbian but I was enjoying this girl's attention anyway. I would have said yes to anything as she dried me with a towel and laid me on a bed.

She then took off all her own clothes. She had small breasts (mine are very large by the way) and lovely slim hips.

She turned me on my face and gave me a super massage the like of which I had never experienced before. She was

turn to page 120



With a sultry, sexy look, stunning Lesley Chisholm, one of our all-time most popular girls, invites you to send for her and eleven other beauties who are to be found in our latest full-colour *Mayfair* calendar. Fresh off the press and now available for the first time, our 1980 calendar features a dozen of our most delightful dollies to take you into the new decade. Lesley and the other eleven have been carefully selected from all the girls who appeared in our pages to make each month a special occasion. It is no wonder ours is Britain's biggest-selling glamour calendar and at only £1.80 each – including first class postage and plain, crease-free wrapping – it is top value. Just clip out the coupon, mail it to us and see for yourself.

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The Nymphets' Ball was just a rich man's fancy-dress whim. But when Gerda danced the Lolita Waltz it became more than a party game

The Lolita Waltz

Fiction by Brian Miller

The place was as much as I'd been led to expect, though maybe a shade bigger; a great rambling pile of an eighteenth century farmhouse, complete with all mod cons, where Lucien could paint his fey little abstracts that were fetching such a price at the galleries.

Of course, it was just like Lucien to think up an idea like this. A 'Nymphets' Ball'. Well, maybe he liked nymphets. There was nothing so strange about that. I'd often thought there was something strange about Lucien, though; not that I knew him awfully well. But I honestly wouldn't have taken him for the nymphet type. If I'd had to guess, I should have thought that boys were more in his line.

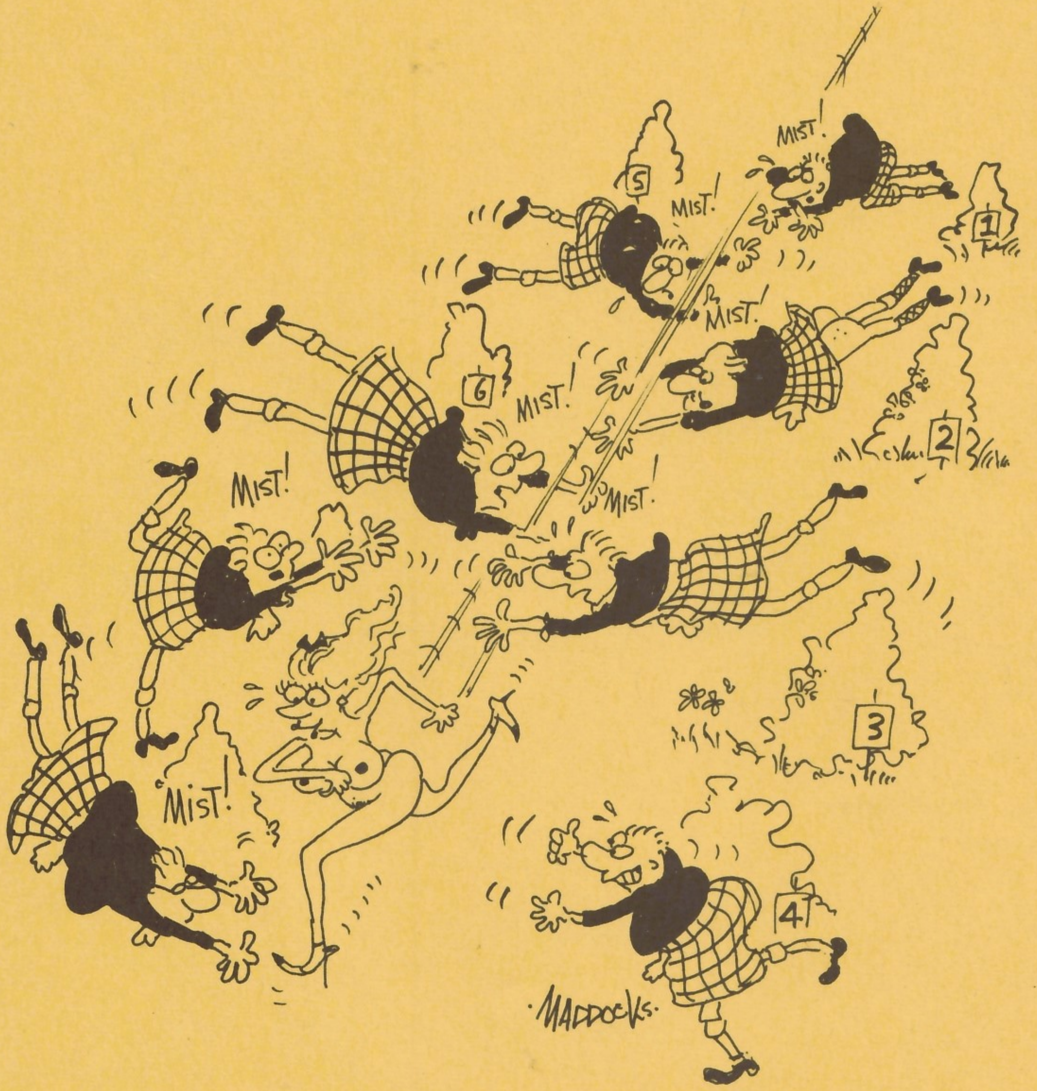
Nevertheless, his eyes were patently devouring my lovely Trace as he came to greet us in the hall, and I had to admit I didn't blame him. Trace was enough to bring out the carnivore even in someone like Lucien. Millie, in her pinafore and sweater, looked exactly what she was: a woman got up as a schoolgirl – a bit tarty and a bit phoney, like the whores pretending to be adolescents in the photo-sets you

turn to page 35

ILLUSTRATION BY HOWARD PEMBERTON

KEN
howard
ME
Tom
DICK
JIM
Harry

GOLD BLOCK
Subtle Persuasive Distinctive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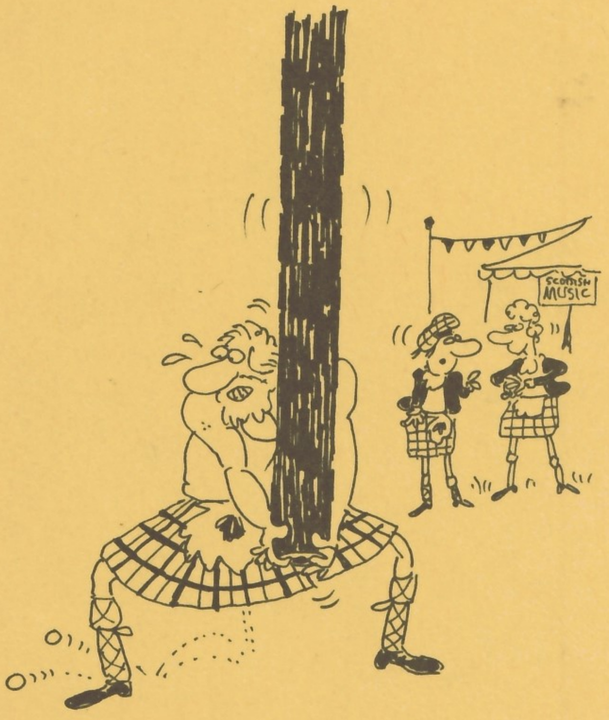
MADDOCKS.

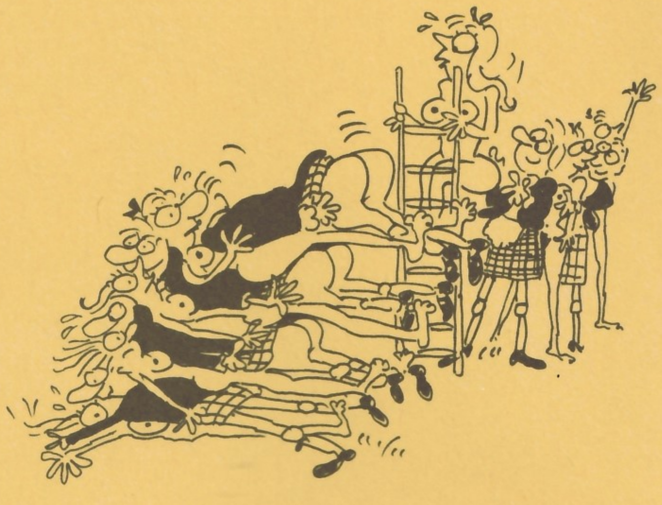
The ancient game of Scottish Mist.

SO THAT'S A HIGHLAND FLING

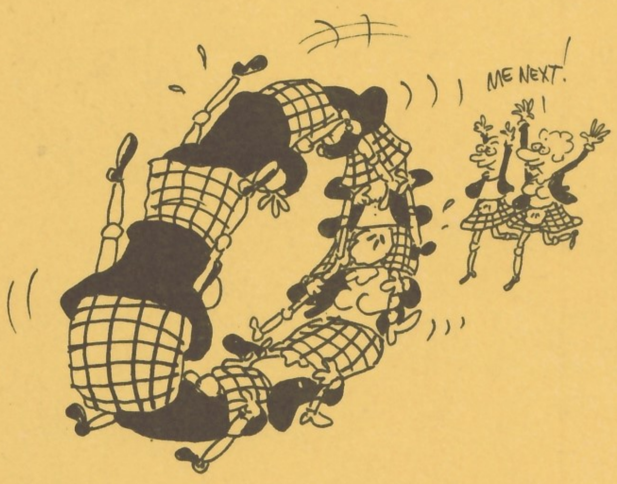
Our ribald cartoonist, Peter Maddocks, casts a sporran in the works to mark this month's Royal Highland Gathering at Braemar


SCOTTISH MUSIC

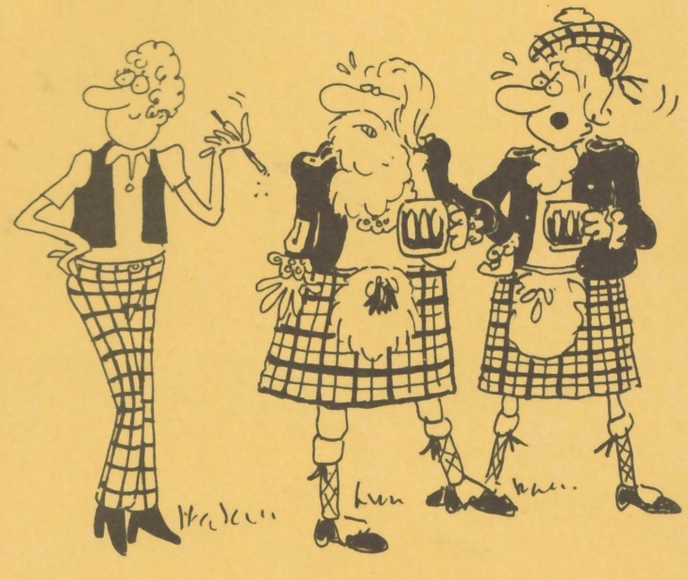
'There's your choir's new boy soprano'.



Putting the weight.



The Scottish Reel.

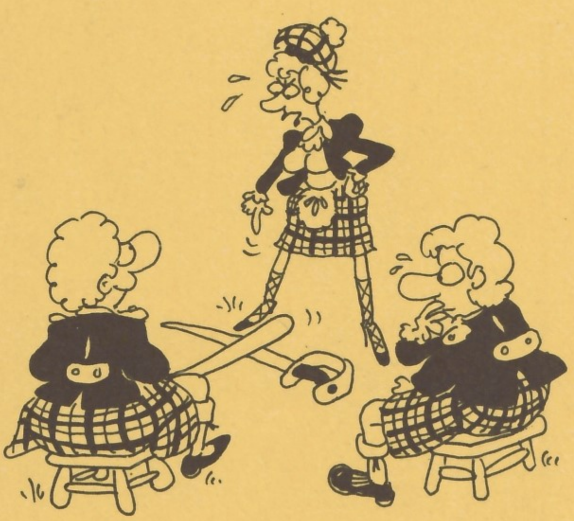


'Who's that yonder dressed up like a bloody pansy?'

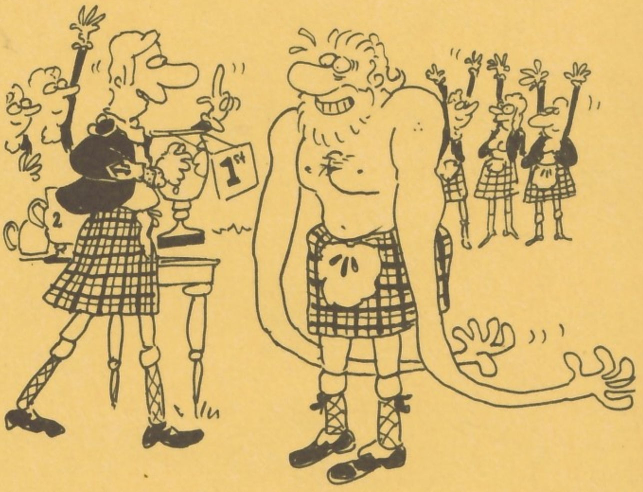
'If she's been tossing his caber again, he'll have nothing left for the main event.'

BAGPIPES CONTEST

'Away lassie – that's cheating.'



'That's no a sword, McTavish, you horny devil.'



Presentation to the winner of the hammer throwing contest.

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

An everyday scene between a man and a woman: she undresses, comes to his arms, he kisses her breasts knowing that his caresses will soon send ripples through her.

But these breasts were famous. Maybe not right-to-the-tip-of-the-nipple famous. But they'd sent ripples of their own through men the whole world over by that amazing method of remote social control called the movies. You may even have been moved to see them jiggle yourself.

But, sure as the mound of Venus, you never kissed the breasts that really belonged to the body of Marilyn Monroe.

Listen to the man who did, Danish writer Hans Jorgen Lembourn as told in **Forty Days With Marilyn** (Hutchinson, £5.50).

'Marilyn was not as frigid as some have maintained. Nor was she a sex acrobat as most think. She was just very, very sweet. She was not long-legged and beautiful in the classical sense. Her legs were too short and her thighs a bit too thick. Her stomach was clearly too pudgy. Neither were her breasts as firm as those of very young well-shaped girls ... There was a dynamism in her that incessantly produced erotic vibrations so strong that they affected the camera and the roll of film and jumped out from the movie screen.'

She was capable of emitting a fragrance as warm as kisses in the sunshine, twice as lingering – yet she drove one famous actor to snap: 'Couldn't you try to be a bit sexy?'

Marilyn Monroe was also very determined when there was something she wanted. For the best part of 40 days, some 20-plus years ago, she wanted Hans Jorgen Lembourn. When it was all over, each admitted to the other: 'Yes, there was something I wanted revenge for. But that wasn't the only thing. We've been good together. You've been sweet to me . . .'

How good was Marilyn Monroe?

She was good when she danced: 'We immediately found each other's rhythm,' writes Lembourn. 'She was soft and pliable and knew in advance every step I took.'

She was good when she kissed. One night they left a party to stroll by the sea. Marilyn lifted her dress and waded in. Later he dried her legs shyly with his handkerchief and when he stood up: 'She put her arms around me and we kissed. She lifted herself on tiptoe and we fit snugly together, and her mouth was open and smooth like the sea.'

She was particularly good when he came to her New York apartment for the first time.

'She came to me in a white robe and kissed me and took my hand and led me into a bedroom with tightly drawn curtains and a very big unmade bed.' Under the robe Marilyn was entirely naked. Lembourn undressed and joined her in the bed. 'We held each other tightly, and she said, commanded, "Love me, long and tenderly".'

Lembourn knew he was competing when he made love to Marilyn Monroe. With Hollywood and the drink.

He knew he was winning whenever he caressed the tensions from her body, when her heavy breasts swelled under his hands.

At other times, he wasn't so sure. When she sat up in bed after hours of lovemaking, to demand champagne. Or failing that, scotch. He wasn't sure he'd won even when, between glasses, she called him 'Mr Lovelove.'

Around the 24th day he was winning again. They'd both woken just before sunrise and he realised she was groping for her sleeping pills. He persuaded her that drugs on top of their earlier post-coital champagne would be lethal. Instead, she agreed to let his hands try their magic.

'She lay still, and I began to rub her shoulders, neck and back. I tried to rub peace and calm and security into her scalp with my fingers. I sat on top of her, the better to get at her, holding her pressed between my thighs and knees. She lay still – for a while. But suddenly her body began to jerk, and she wriggled her bottom on which I was sitting.

'"You'll have to make your mind up," she said. "Either we do one thing or the other. I've got nothing against the other, if you should be wondering".

'I laughed, filled with delight over her, and did the other.'

That was the day when, maybe some 12 hours later, Marilyn suggested a picnic away from prying eyes. The couple bought food and drink, then found a solitary spot down by a river.

Twee, you might suppose, but for Marilyn's command when the last rounds of bread and butter were finished and the bottles of champagne drained: 'She crawled up close to me, put her arms around me, and caressed me. "Love me," she said. "Love me hard".'

Ah yes, indeed. When Marilyn Monroe was good, she was very, very good. And when she was bad?

It was on the 30th day that Jorgen Lembourn sensed it all would end. Marilyn had been pill-popping, then drinking whisky, followed by more pills . . . She wanted him to go out for another bottle of scotch and he was determined not to.

'She pressed herself up against me, and I put my arms around her. She was so soft and lovely, and she batted her eyes, impossible to resist, and rubbed her sex against mine, her hips and buttocks gyrating. I knew I shouldn't, but I'm only human, and I lifted her up and laid her on the bed, and she crept around me and rolled into me and was what she *was*. Her breasts were soft like gift packages, her tongue scurried around my mouth like a red sugar ball, and her fingers ran like tickling branches of spruce all over my body – into my ears, my nostrils, and navel – and I caught fire, and my tree burnt out on her. Afterward, we lay side by side, dripping with perspiration and breathing heavily in the sudden darkness of the South, which fell over us like a wet, steamy curtain. "So go for that bottle," she said.'

Gentlemen, when Marilyn Monroe was bad – she was pretty damn good, too.

32
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The dramatic illustration, above, captured by a Leyland photographer is contained in 'Mini' by Rob Golding and published by Osprey, £6.95. This authoritative hardback edition celebrates twenty years of the Mini, detailing its development, competition and its projected successor.

The Mayfair Book Society

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♡No discernable sex content

**♡♡♡Can I Come Too? (X) 43 mins. 'Oo, is that my new costume?' enquires shapely brunette usherette Sylvie (Maria Harper) of cinema manager Charlie Chester in his office. 'Can I try it on?' And before Cheerful Charlie can bat an eyelid young Sylvie has instantly peeled off blouse and skirt revealing knickerless stockings and suspender belt and a pair of the most pneumatic, self-supporting breasts this side of a *Mayfair* centrepage. Slipping on a night club hostess-style one-piece costume, Sylvie rushes off to show her projectionist boyfriend (Graham White) who, in admiring the material, swiftly bares her to the waist. Meanwhile in the back stalls fellow usherette Maxine (Lindy Benson, Vol 10 No 9 centregirl) is having earnest discussions with a boyfriend, losing her skirt in the process. Back in the projection box, the young projectionist – minus Sylvie – is meeting a relief technician 'George' (Julia Rushford) who turns out to be dark-haired, attractive and bra-less. 'God,' she breathes, 'It's hot in here.' Shrugging off her tee-shirt, she's soon grappling nudely on the floor with the projectionist while a broken reel of film flaps unnoticed through the projector. A typical British nudie, whose acting and direction is best left without comment, it does deliver the goods: that is, it succeeds in stripping and presenting excitingly some very attractive girls as quickly as possible.

***♡♡♡The World is Full of Married Men (X), 1 hr 46 mins. Newcomer Sherrie Lee Cronn seduces advertising film producer Tony Franciosa – both discreetly wrapped in sheets – strips at a wild party and climbs a statue nude, romps in the bath with a randy photographer – both unclothed – seduces Mr Franciosa again, this time while his loving wife looks on, and, for her sins, ends up being seduced by a nude lesbian on a round bed – only to discover that she was being over-looked by applauding voyeurs on the other side of a two-way mirror. Meanwhile the loving wife (Caroll Baker) is taking long car journeys with pop star Gem Gemini (Paul Nicolas) wearing only a mink coat and perfume. It's all very hectic and healthily sex-obsessed, but acted so sympathetically that we begin to care more about the characters than their randy antics. Which can be somewhat awkward for a soft core epic. In fact the end result is good entertainment, and girlfriends will applaud the moralistic conclusion: the wages of male chauvinism, it appears, are divorce, depression and impotence. You have been warned.

***♡Porridge (A), 1 hr 35 mins. Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais's classic TVcomedy transfers intact to the big screen with Ronnie Barker as the devious, warm-hearted con Norman Fletcher and the late Richard Beckinsale as his young cellmate Godber. The wit is well up to standard, as when Chief Officer Mackay (Fulton Mackay) warns a new warder not to let his dislike of 'poovery' show: 'In my book every man in this place is as despicable as the next.'

**♡Avalanche Express (A), 1 hr 28 mins. The late Robert Shaw makes a final, dubbed appearance as the defecting head of the KGB, smuggled out of Europe in US security agent Lee Marvin's specially armed train. Their plan, it transpires, is to flush out Russia's most hidden European spies, which results in several machine gun attacks and a deliberate avalanche that gratuitously wipes out an Alpine village. The longer the journey, the sillier it all gets. Undemanding entertainment.

****♡♡Days of Heaven (A), 1 hr 34 mins. A drifting couple, disguised as brother and sister, go to the Texas wheatfields of the early 1900's as immigrant workers; the girl marries the rich, young, dying local land owner, hoping to inherit his money for herself and her lover, but falls for her husband too. But the story is less important than the gorgeous evocation of a land and a time. Quirky and good to look at.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Like countless other new singers before him, Steve Forbert has been hailed as the 'new Dylan.' This is very unfair as he has his own distinctive songwriting and singing style. His talents are admirably displayed on his first album, **Alive On Arrival** (Epic) which bodes very well for the future as he is only 23.

Forbert has a rasping, husky voice which puts across perfectly the lyrics to the songs – a combination of romance and hard-headed realism. He plays harmonica and guitar, accompanied by a sparse backing.

The album is a combination of a rock/folk style without falling directly into either category.

Goin' Down to Laurel and *It Isn't Going To Be That Way* are the two outstanding tracks which are full of atmosphere.

For some years now Dr Feelgood have been one of Britain's leading rhythm and blues bands, playing to packed halls up and down the country. Their brand of music is at its best and most powerful when heard live and their new album, **As It Happens** (United Artists) captures the excitement of a live gig.

Recorded at two concert dates at Hemel Hempstead and Rayleigh, Essex, the list of tracks reads like a best of Dr Feelgood, with versions of all my favourites by the band. *Milk and Alcohol, Down At The Doctor's, She's a Windup* and *As Long As The Price Is Right* are all included.

Live albums are seldom as clear in recording quality as studio ones, but what you lose in clarity, you certainly gain in feeling and excitement. This album is a 'must' for anyone who has seen and enjoyed their live act, or anybody who just loves good, old-fashioned high-powered R&B.

All of us who have despaired at recapturing the magic of a summer evening at Blackbushe Aerodrome in Surrey can take heart in Bob Dylan's latest offering – a masterful two-record set recorded at Nippon Budokan in Tokyo over the nights of February 28 and March 1 last year. **Bob Dylan at Budokan** (CBS) contains all the songs which have now become classics: *Mr Tambourine Man, Don't Think Twice It's All Right, Blowin' in the Wind, Just Like a Woman, The Times They are A-Changin'* etc, skilfully brought up to date with new arrangements. More recent numbers, such as *Is Your Love In Vain,* from last year's *Street Legal* album blend in so well as to make one think they've been around for ages.

This is the definitive Dylan and a record which is a must for any collection.

I have always regarded Peter Green as one of the all-time greats when it came to playing guitar. So I was very disappointed when he gave up music and left the successful Fleetwood Mac. The band went on to new fame and fortune while Peter Green dropped out of the public eye.

But he is back now with a new album, **In The Sixties** (PVK). He seems to have taken up his musical career where it left off all those years ago, and anyone who liked his later Fleetwood Mac albums will love his new record.

The songs, mainly instrumental, are memorably played by a highly competent group of musicians. Peter Green plays his guitar in a manner which will soon re-establish his reputation as a highly-gifted musician.

The album is not totally blues orientated, but the standout song is the twelve bar tour de force, *A Fool No More.*

When you hear this record, you will realise what Fleetwood Mac could have achieved had they not lost their direction.

Another album not to be missed is **Discovery** (Jet) from the Electric Light Orchestra. In a single-handed stroke of genius, Jeff Lynne has conceived, written and produced a worthy successor to the momentous *Out of the Blue.*

Although instantly recognisable as ELO, the tracks stand up very well to further scrutiny and are not as stereotyped as they first may sound.

Particularly enjoyable are *Shine a Little Love,* the first obvious choice for a single release and as such achieving considerable success in its own right, *On The Run, Wishing, Need Her Love;* in fact it's very difficult to pick a weak track among the nine presented.

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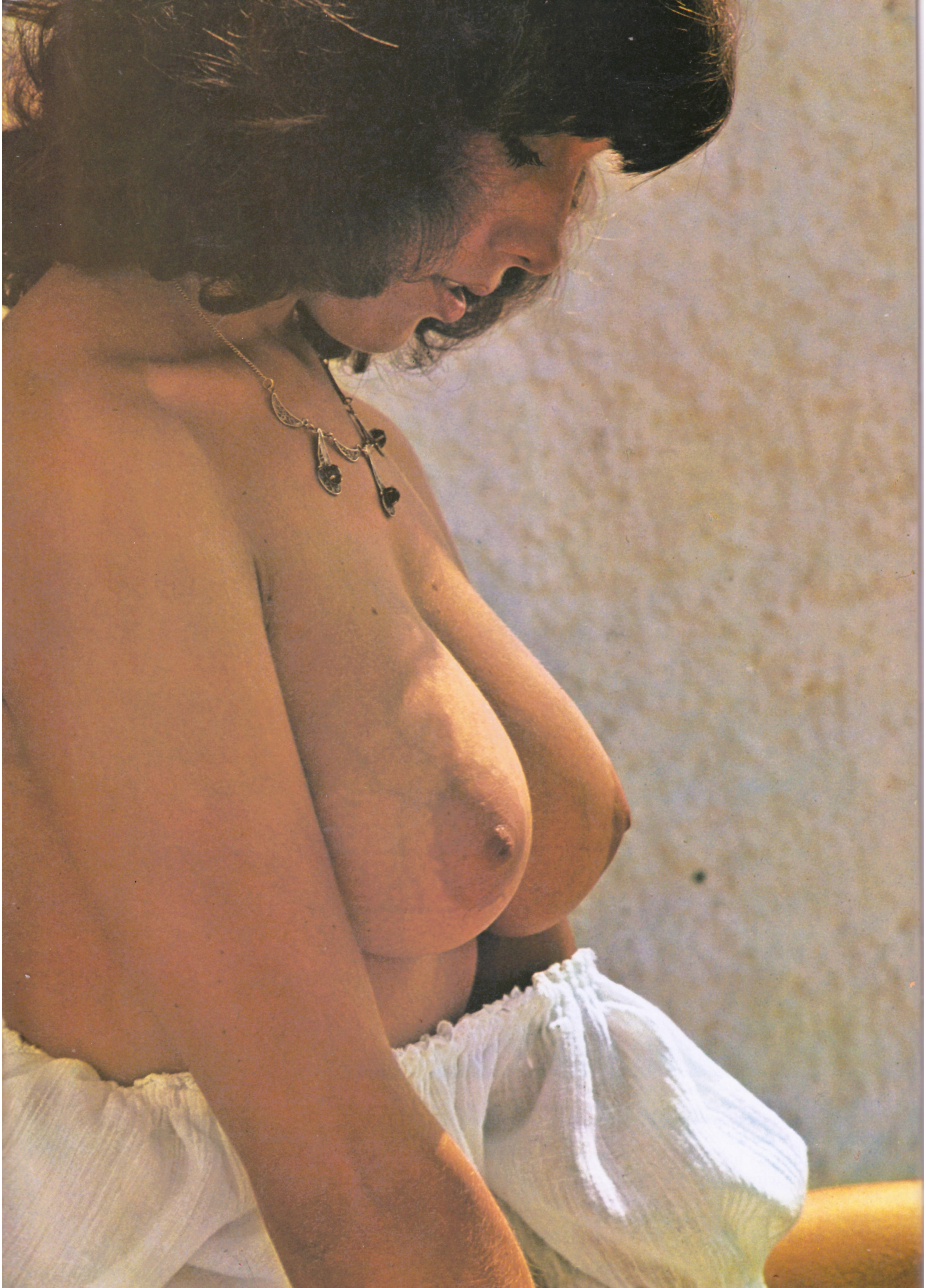
You'll have to bring the glasses back though. Paco only travels with full ones.

Bacardi rum. The one from the sun.



ALANA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

We have an easy method of gauging the popularity of the girls who appear in *Mayfair* – namely the dozens of letters that drop on our door mat every week. If a girl's name recurs enough times we add her to our list of the year's favourites. If her name goes on recurring we often suggest she appear again. But the chief accolade goes to girls who make two appearances in our centre pages, like *Sun*-bird Frances Voy earlier this year. Twenty-four-year-old 36-23-36 inch Alana Ford achieved that distinction 18 months ago, and we now make no apology for a reprise.

What is it that makes Alana so unique? 'The most beautiful breasts I have ever seen,' breathed one reader. 'She has the most perfectly *squashy* body I've ever seen,' wrote another. 'I thought she was the tiniest bit tubby when I first saw her (Vol 11 No 9) but when she was in again in Vol 13 No 3 she had slimmed down to perfection. She is so cuddly.' But the most common words of praise referred to personality. 'She really seems to enjoy showing her naked body to the camera,' said a Scottish reader. 'Often girls who are as attractive as she is appear too serious or even haughty. Alana looks as if she would be very warm and friendly to anyone, and she's so incredibly sexy too.' When we showed the letters to Alana she blushed bright pink, bubbled with laughter and pored over them for a good half hour. 'It's amazing how much complete strangers can tell about you from a photograph,' she said. 'Nude modelling always has turned me on a bit. But I didn't want it to be that obvious!'

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HONDA
RACE BRED THOROUGHB

The Lolita Waltz

continued from page 17

can buy in Soho. But Trace, my lovely American wife, was something different again. Trace was blossoming womanhood personified, from the fullness of her calves to the swing of her magnificent backside under the gymslip to the bounce of her boobs beneath the crepe blouse and the grey school cardigan. Trace was fresh and blooming, distinctly sixth-form, and the object of every 'pash' in the school.

She'd likely be the object of more than one 'pash' here tonight, I told myself, and wondered for the ten-thousandth time if she ever really realized what naked lust she was capable of provoking, this chaste and blameless wife of mine. Not, by God, that she looked anything like chaste and blameless tonight.

'This way, this way,' said Lucien. 'Get your hats over here, girls!' And he delved in a large cardboard carton, bringing out a couple of battered St Trinians-type felts, which he crammed on the heads of Trace and Millie.

Then he turned to Charles and me in our flannel pinstripe suits, the pants with wide and flapping turnups. 'Oh yes, very authentic,' he simpered. 'I certainly wouldn't trust my little sister with either of you two! Actually, we've got quite a lot of Humbert-Humberts here tonight. Not so many boy scouts and schoolboys. Still, it doesn't really matter, does it? Here, hang on a minute,' he said, as we were following the girls in to the party. 'You'll want your bags of lollipops, won't you?'

School hats for the 'nymphets', bags of lollipops for the Humbert-Humberts: no, old Lucien hadn't missed a trick. I wondered what other surprises he might have in store. Maybe an orgy in the dorm after lights-out. I wondered what Trace would make of *that*. I wondered what Trace would make of any of it. Did she really think that a 'Nymphets Ball' could possibly end in anything but an orgy? Maybe I shouldn't have brought her, but it was late for worrying about that now. Anyway, Lucien had her in tow and was taking her to find a drink, his long, brown artist's fingers gently taking possession of her wrist and leading her to the table with the bottles. Lucien wasn't dressed up like the rest of us. With his thin, brown face and delicately sculpted features, he'd have made a better 'nymphet' than a Humbert-Humbert, anyway.

The 'Nymphets' Ball' wasn't yet actually balling, as Trace might have put it in one of her more trans-Atlantic moments, but it looked like it might be well on the way. Everyone was dancing or drinking – dancing to a mixture of weeny-boppers' favourites for the 'nymphets' and smoochy big-band sounds to give us Humbert-Humberts the chance to get our creepy hands on them. The drinks were tall, brightly coloured – and, judging by the state of the drinkers, not as adolescent as they looked.

While Lucien sweet-talked Trace, and plied her with glasses of something pink and slightly fizzy, I danced with an equally pink and fizzing Millie. Millie, as always, danced as though she wore a magnet in the gusset of her panties; even when we were dancing apart, her pelvis would be gyrating no more than six inches from my crotch, her pubis shimmying back and forth, grazing and teasing till I was hard and she knew it. Then, when the music changed, she closed in, hooked her arms around my neck and ground herself purposefully against my hardness. My hands found their way to her backside, where the back of her pinafore had ridden up over her arse, and her jiggling buttocks – clad only in schoolgirl knickers – filled my palms.

Looking over her shoulder, there were a lot of tightly-knickered bums being groped by a lot of randy Humbert-Humberts. One or two of the hands were inside the knickers. What was Trace thinking of it all? Oh hell, after all, it was a party. I slid my hands down the back of Millie's knickers and she simpered.

I was enjoying Millie's backside, yes, but I wasn't enjoying Millie. Tonight, Millie was being a bore. She and Charles were finished, she was telling me. It was all over with them. Now she was planning to have an *affaire* with someone else she'd found. Actually, she'd been laying him already. My cock was hard against her groin and my fingers were gripping her bare bottom, but it wasn't me she was talking about. I was just a convenient erection that happened to be around. Her new stud, though – he had blonde, curly hair, blue eyes, and could screw the hands off the clock. Millie was boring me, and the moment I realized it I began to smell her breath, sour from too much booze and smoking.

Later, after further explorations of further bottoms, I was talking to Charles. 'Millie says you two are finished.'

'Do you wonder at it?'

'Not especially. But it's been a long time. What will you do now?'

'You mean right now? Or presently?'

'Both if you like,' I said.

'Well, right now I'm going to try and prise your luscious wife away from that little creep Lucien. And next week can take care of itself for the moment.'

'Be my guest,' I said. 'But if you're planning on getting inside her panties, be prepared for failure.'

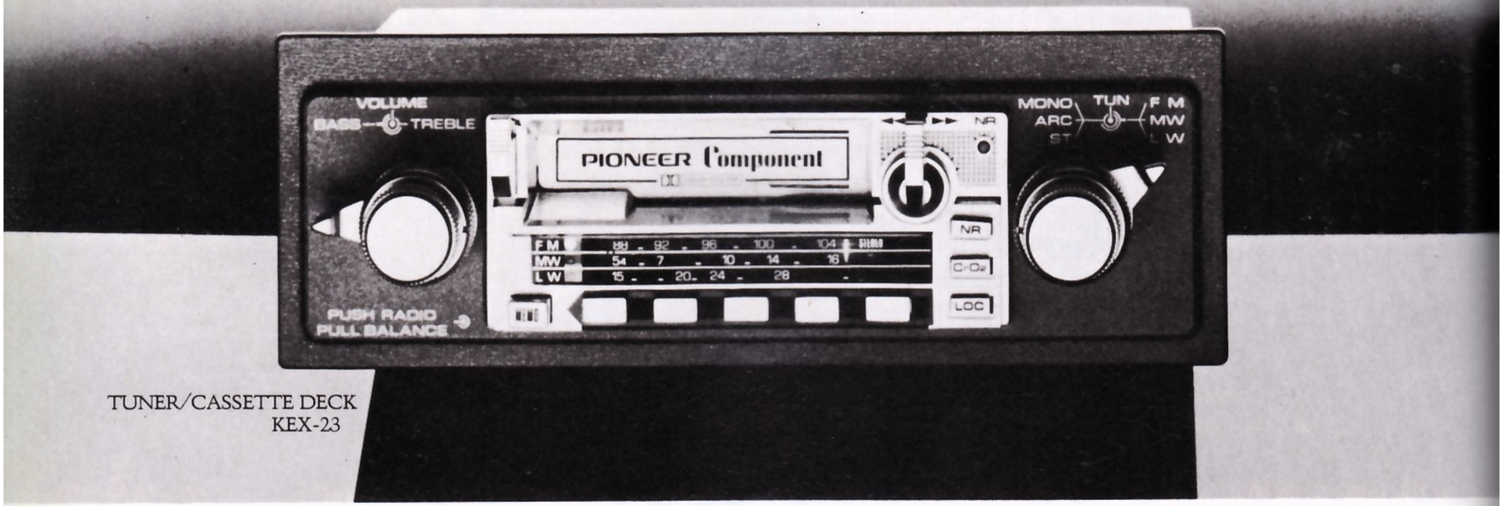
Charles grinned. 'I know. Chaste and blameless, right?'

I nodded.

'Well, here's something that doesn't look so chaste and blameless,' he said, putting

turn to page 95

PUT THE BRAIN IN THE DASH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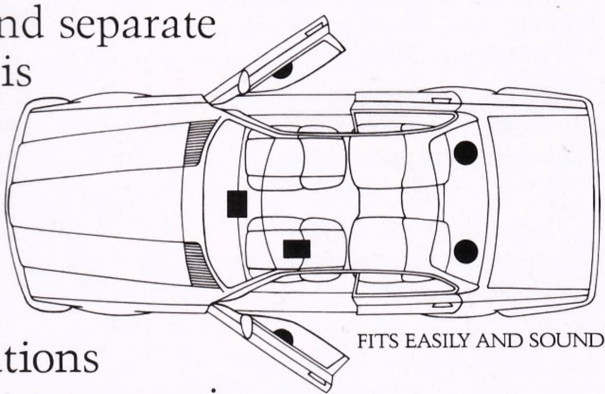

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After the Charge of the Light Brigade Lord Cardigan was hailed as a hero. But during his stormy years before the war Cardigan pilloried his officers, publicly flogged his men and had to answer the charge of intent to murder.

Scandal to the left of him, scandal to the right of him:

CANTANKEROUS LORD CARDIGAN

by Mark Seaman

James Thomas Brudenell, seventh Earl of Cardigan, sat motionless upon his magnificent chestnut charger, Ronald. Dressed in the blue, red and gold finery of the 11th Hussars, the rider was worthy of his mount. Finally, he called out, 'The Brigade will advance!' and, with neither trumpets nor further commands, the 673 officers and men of the Light Brigade moved off into the Valley of Death at a walk.

One man, at least, was certain of their fate that day. Upon hearing the order to lead his men into battle, Cardigan was heard to mutter, 'Well, here goes the last of the Brudenells'. But any premonition of death was scarcely evident as the tall, composed general rode, exposed, at the head of his brigade. He had been born for this moment and there was something almost contemptuous about his unflinching form as the first Russian shells began to fly.

The long journey to Balaclava had begun on October 16, 1797 with the birth of a son to Robert, Lord Brudenell, heir to the Earldom of Cardigan. The child grew up in a world dominated by the Napoleonic wars and, although the Brudenells had no tradition of military service, it was not long before James was asking his father to purchase him a commission in the army. For once, the spoiled youth was denied. Seven doting sisters refused to allow their father, by then the sixth Earl of Cardigan, to send the young Lord Brudenell to the wars, whilst the Earl was equally reluctant to risk his sole son and heir.

Balked in his ambitions, James, now Lord Brudenell emerged unscathed and uneducated from Harrow and Christchurch, Oxford to take up an aimless, hedonistic career in upper class society. Whatever real purpose he found in life lay in his obsession with the hunt, being recognised as one of the finest horsemen in the land.

But in 1823 the tall, handsome Lord turned his attentions from the fox to another quarry, the beautiful Elizabeth Johnstone, estranged wife of a family friend, Captain Frederick Johnstone. Scarcely had the marriage reached its final breakdown before Lord Brudenell began his courtship. After a time spent together at Versailles, the lovers returned to England, setting up home in a Bond Street hotel. Several months later, in June 1824, Captain Johnstone brought an action against Brudenell for 'criminal conversation' with Elizabeth. Not a divorce proceedings, the court case was purely to fix a cash compensation for the loss of his wife. In an atmosphere totally free of acrimony, Brudenell was ordered to pay £1,000 damages. In addition, the young noble offered to give Johnstone satisfaction with duelling pistols for having stolen Elizabeth. A laughing Captain Johnstone is reported to have told Brudenell's messenger, 'Tell Lord Brudenell that he has already given me satisfaction: the satisfaction of having removed the most damned bad-tempered and extravagant bitch in the kingdom.' It was an ominous warning but Brudenell neglected to heed it. In spite of family disapproval and the immense difficulties in securing a divorce, Brudenell resolved to marry his mistress, achieving his ambition on June 19, 1826. Soon Captain Johnstone's words must have been ringing in his ears. The talents that had made Elizabeth an exciting mistress left her an awful wife, as marriage failed to temper her promiscuity, extravagance and tantrums.

By now, however, Lord Brudenell had more pleasant distractions to occupy his time. In an effort to give their son a purposeful and disciplined lifestyle, Brudenell's parents relented their refusal to buy him a commission. In 1824, at the advanced age of 27, he was gazetted in the 8th Hussars with the rank of cornet. As a result of his social standing and father's money, Lord Brudenell soon made up for lost time and his rise was meteoric. Within six years of joining the 8th, he had risen from the lowest subaltern's rank to lieutenant in 1825, troop captain in 1826, major in August 1830 and lieutenant-colonel in December of the same year. Here, a halt had to be called as the next rung on the ladder was command of a regiment and not even the Brudenell coffers could force a vacancy. The Lieutenant-Colonel had to wait on events and, therefore, retired from his regiment on half-pay, to spend his time hunting foxes and avoiding his wife.

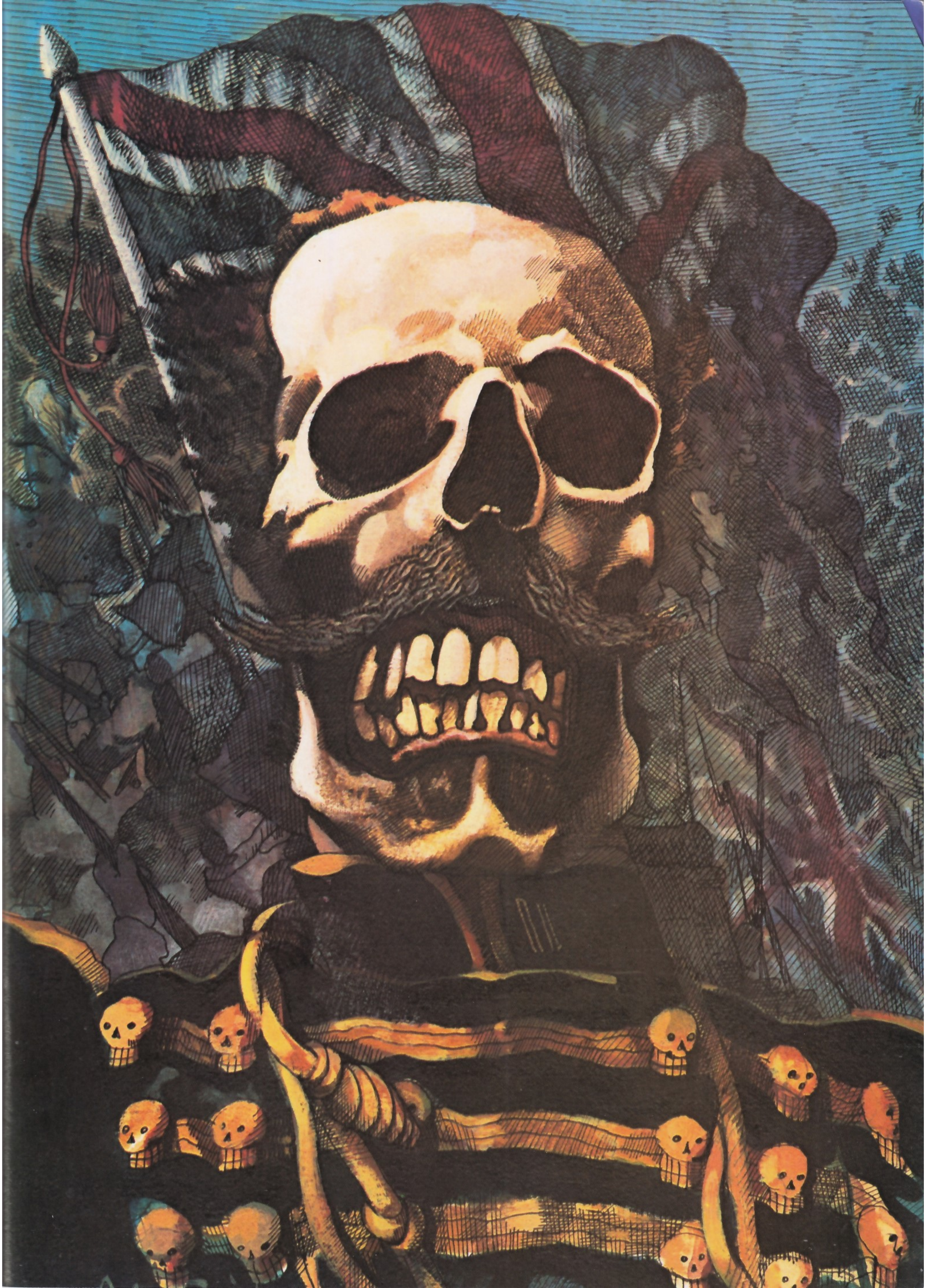
Brudenell did not have too long to wait for, on May 16, 1832, he took command of the 15th Hussars at a cost, reported in *The Times*, to be between £35,000 and £40,000. The 15th had been engaged in all the major campaigns of the Napoleonic wars and many of its officers and men were veterans of Waterloo. But, far from taking a pride in his regiment's battle honours, they rather engendered an enormous inferiority complex in the new, untried commander. In civilian life, his money and nobility guaranteed his pre-eminence; in the 15th, he was a boy amongst men.

The regiment was posted to Ireland in 1833 and there the new Lieutenant-Colonel began to stamp his authority on his command. Smartness was to be the keynote, from the French chef in the mess to the cut of the troopers' jackets. Drills and exercises were ordered day after day and the slightest breach of discipline, dress or etiquette was seized upon by the all-seeing Lieutenant-Colonel.

Apart from the everyday disagreements with his officers, Brudenell began to victimize the most likeable, easy-going troop captain in the regiment, Augustus Wathen. In the autumn and winter of 1833, he sought to bully Wathen out of the 15th. The captain's every action was criticized with Brudenell rebuking him in front of his fellow officers and, unforgivably, his men. Spies were hidden by the Lieutenant-Colonel in the hope of overhearing 'treasonous' conversations amongst his subordinates, most of whom having by now reached the conclusion that their commanding officer was either a cad or insane.

In spite of this, it was Wathen who was charged with six offences under the heading 'conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman' and was sent for court-martial in December 1833.

Here, in the courtroom, Brudenell's title and wealth were of no use. It was soon clearly established that Wathen was innocent of the charges and that the questionable conduct was his superior's. However, few could have predicted the conclusion of the case. On February 1, 1834, as expected,



Wathen was honourably acquitted but then the court proceeded severely to censure Brudenell for his underhand behaviour. The last sentence of the court's ruling must have hit like a hammer-blow upon the already discomforted lord: 'Upon a full consideration of all the circumstances of the case, His Majesty has been pleased to order that Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Brudenell shall be removed from the command of the 15th Hussars.' As a final twist of the knife, the court ordered that its decision be read aloud at the head of every regiment in the service.

The ignominy of such punishment would have driven a weak man to suicide and a strong man into exile. Not so, Brudenell. With his blinkered, unfailing faith in himself, he was certain the court was wrong and he determined to fight its ruling.

For two years, Brudenell harangued the authorities, seeking a new trial to vindicate his actions in the 15th. Wisely, the generals at the Horse Guards in Whitehall refused his pleas and sought to forget the matter, the whole affair having added fuel to the public's clamour against aristocratic privilege in the services. It took the intervention of the Duke of Wellington finally to make Brudenell realise he would never regain the 15th and that his best chance of getting another regiment was to sit tight and behave.

The advice paid off when, in March 1836, his influential friends and relatives engineered his return to regimental command. For the princely sum of £40,000 Lord Brudenell was back in the saddle as Lieutenant-Colonel of the 11th Light Dragoons.

Understandably, there was a public outcry and radical MPs even had the appointment debated in the Commons. But, for once, Brudenell's demeanour was unprovocative and the ruling establishment closed ranks. A motion, criticising Brudenell's appointment, was defeated by 332 votes to 42.

Meanwhile the sixth Earl, Brudenell's father, died in August 1837. The new seventh Earl of Cardigan found the equally new Victorian England at his feet. His marriage was not a success but, at 41 years of age, and still handsome he had no shortage of female admirers, whilst his skill as a huntsman remained unsurpassed. But above all this in his life was the regiment. He was determined to achieve with the 11th what he had so signally failed to attain with the 15th, namely, to command the finest regiment in the British Army.

He was soon pouring a quarter of his £40,000 annual income into his command. The 11th became the possessors of the best mounts in the cavalry with Cardigan donating an extra £10 per charger to the purchase money supplied by the government. It was even reported that he was having his troopers' uniforms tailored in Bond Street.

In 1840 Cardigan's mania for drill and appearance was rewarded by the regiment's selection as Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg's escort from Dover to London, en route to his marriage with Queen Victoria. To mark this honour, the regiment was given the new title, The 11th 'Prince Albert's Own' Hussars, the Prince became the honorary Colonel-in-Chief and a new, crimson, blue and gold uniform was adopted.

Lord Cardigan: he hunted game and women.

It was surely a very self-satisfied Lieutenant-Colonel who walked the streets of fashionable London, finding himself saluted by immaculately uniformed troopers at every corner (that Cardigan gave each of these men a day's leave and five shillings expressly to perform this service, seems not to have detracted from his obvious delight).

But spring brought a drastic contrast with the year's auspicious start. Once more the problem lay in Cardigan's relations with his officers. Whereas the 15th had been full of veterans of Wellington's campaigns, the 11th's officers gave even greater offence by having served in India. Resenting their experience, Cardigan maintained that he was solely concerned with the poor discipline and sloppy attitudes that they had developed in the East. In the first six months of the 11th's tour of duty at Canterbury Barracks, there were 54 courts-martial and numerous desertions. Repeatedly, Cardigan made it clear to his officers that he had little, or no, time for the 'Indian' members of the mess. His tactics often worked, for several of them sold out, to be replaced by young, wealthy men who were more to the Lieutenant-Colonel's liking.

Whenever possible, Cardigan excluded the 'Indian' officers from the regiment's social functions but, on May 18, 1840, there had to be a full turnout at the dinner given in the mess for Major-General Sleigh, Inspector-General of Cavalry (and a former officer of the 11th). With typical munificence, Cardigan ordered that only champagne be served but Sleigh's aide-de-camp preferred Moselle. His neighbour at table, Captain J W Reynolds, duly obliged by ordering a bottle, instructing the waiter to serve it directly, without bothering to decant it. Out of this minor lapse in etiquette a national scandal was to burgeon. Upon seeing the black bottle of wine on the table before Captain Reynolds, Cardigan went into an apoplectic rage. He shouted that Reynolds was drinking porter (a type of beer, contained in black bottles and much favoured in India) and that his 'Indian' manners had disgraced the regiment. Assurances that it was not beer and had been requested by a guest were ignored and the next day Reynolds was further castigated by his commander. Attempting to defend himself, the captain was arrested for insubordination and, in turn, requested a court-martial in order to resolve the matter. But the Horse Guards were determined to avoid another Wathen scandal and, therefore, added their condemnation to Cardigan's tirades.

If the military hierarchy had thought that they had avoided a cause célèbre, their hopes were soon dashed. The saga of the 'Black Bottle' became another popular and well-publicised episode in the very public affairs of Cardigan and the 11th Hussars. He was constantly being greeted in the street with cries of 'Black Bottle'.

As usual, it was Cardigan who precipitated the next storm. With J W Reynolds still simmering in the regiment, his namesake but no relation, Captain R A Reynolds was the next in the ring. On August 26, 1840, Cardigan held a large party at his house in Brunswick Square. A guest remarked to her host that neither of the Captains Reynolds were present, to which Cardigan replied in a voice audible to several other guests, 'As long as I live they shall never enter my house.' Word of this insult reached R A Reynolds, the senior regimental captain (predictably an 'Indian' officer), and he wrote to Cardigan for clarification of his comment. The letter brought a reprimand for Reynolds before the regiment and another public attack on 'Indian' officers in general.

The familiar pattern began to emerge. The radical papers maintained their usual anti-Cardigan stance but were now joined by retired 'Indian' officers, indignant at the repeated slur on their service. Reynolds, however, despairing of justice, following the treatment of J W, wrote a letter to Cardigan, claiming that the Lieutenant-Colonel was avoiding a duel with his subordinate by 'screening yourself under the cloak of a commanding officer.' Upon receipt of the letter, Cardigan put Reynolds under arrest.

If Cardigan's officers were restricted by the Articles of War, there were others, outside the service, willing to carry on the fight. Apart from the letters to *The Times*, two vehemently critical articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*. Ostensibly anonymous, they were generally acknowledged to be the work of Captain Harvey Tuckett, late of the 11th Hussars.

Incensed, Cardigan demanded an apology, Tuckett refused and a challenge was issued. The two men met on September 12, 1840 at the popular duelling locale, the

turn to page 42

"Well, they said anything could happen."
SMIRNOFF
PURVEYORS TO THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN COURT 1886-1917
VODKA
Remember whatever happens don't overdo it

Lord Cardigan

continued from page 40

Windmill on Wimbledon Common. At a distance of 12 yards, both missed with their first pistol. They each took another. Tuckett fired first and missed again. Cardigan, although at liberty to fire his pistol harmlessly into the air and thereby end the matter, aimed and fired at the defenceless Tuckett, wounding him in the chest. Scarcely had the smoke drifted away before Cardigan was arrested by a constable who had glimpsed the first exchange of fire from his cottage nearby. The Earl was taken to Wandsworth police station and charged with 'intent to murder'.

The autumn and winter were to be filled with unrelenting incident as scandal mounted upon scandal. Released on bail of £1,000, Cardigan returned to Brighton to vent his spleen on another of his 'Indian' officers, Lieutenant William Forrest. Over the trifling matter of a key to an officer's room in the barracks, Forrest was placed under arrest, there to join R A Reynolds, whose court-martial was due to take place a few days later on September 24.

Amidst public outcry, Reynolds was found guilty and cashiered from the service. He conceded that the letter was a breach of the military code but was forbidden from explaining his reasons for writing it. Pressure groups were formed and the newspapers joined in the campaign for his reinstatement. Meanwhile, another officer of the 11th, this time the regiment's junior surgeon, kept up the quota of detainees. The doctor had left a church parade late and by a side door, having had difficulty fastening his cap. This occasioned a tirade from Cardigan, resulting in the usual defence and inevitable arrest.

All this was set against the already massive press coverage given to Cardigan's impending trial in the House of Lords for his intent to murder Tuckett. Although he had claimed the right to be tried by his peers, Cardigan was still subject to the laws of the land, in this case possibly hanging, penal servitude or transportation. Many hoped that the arrogant Earl would suffer to the utmost and even *The Times* was after its pound of flesh: 'Let his head be cropped, let him be put on an oatmeal diet, let him labour on the treadmill.'

Not surprisingly, such a dire fate did not befall the noble Lord. In spite of the apparent unassailability of the prosecution's case, Cardigan left the House on February 16, 1841 as a free man. His astute counsel, Sir William Follett, engineered it so that the prosecution failed adequately to identify Captain Tuckett as Cardigan's victim and Lord Denman, as Lord High Steward of the trial, advised the Lords to declare Cardigan not guilty. The Lords unanimously concurred.

The public railed at this gross miscarriage of justice and at Cardigan's continued protection by his friends at the Horse Guards and the House of Lords. Near riots occurred whenever he appeared in public and, being Cardigan, he scarcely made an effort to keep a low profile, his visits to London increasing with the regiment's move to Hounslow Barracks at the end of March 1841.

Adeline: Cardigan's mistress then his wife.

The 11th had been in its new home barely a month before its Lieutenant-Colonel stirred up another hornet's nest. This time, he excelled even himself. Knowing that the Horse Guards were losing patience with him, he ordered an act calculated to offend not only his radical critics, but the sensibilities of the entire country. On Easter Sunday, April 11, 1841, the regimental church parade was held in the barracks' riding school. After the service, the regiment was marched out, briefly inspected, and then marched back again to witness the flogging of Private Rogers, sentenced to 100 lashes for drunkenness.

The Times wrote that Cardigan was 'guilty of one of the greatest acts of sacrilege in modern times' and this was mild comment in comparison to that of other newspapers. Parliament, press and public demanded action to be taken. A special Cabinet meeting was held to discuss the matter and a recommendation was put to both the Horse Guards and the Queen that Cardigan be dismissed. But, once again, Wellington came to Cardigan's rescue. Although he could ill-conceal his dislike for the irksome commander of the 11th, the 'Iron Duke' would not brook Commons interference in military appointments.

Perhaps even Cardigan appreciated the narrowness of his escape. Unpopular in the country, he was obliged to re-examine his standing in society when he found himself blackballed from the United Services Club, overlooked for the vacant Lord Lieutenant of Northamptonshire and denied promotion to the Order of the Garter.

By the early 1850's, however, Cardigan was taking a less active role in the regiment's affairs, leaving it in the hands of his newly appointed second-in-command, Brevet Major Douglas (his second at the Tuckett duel). With only one promotion (to full colonel) in the last 16 years, Cardigan's further advancement was blocked by the fact that he had made too many powerful enemies.

Cardigan was not totally in the doghouse. Far from it, he was still lauded as a rider and huntsman and there was no shortage of female admirers. One amorous escapade in 1843 with Lady Frances Paget resulted in another cuckold's claim against him for 'criminal conversation', this time to the tune of £15,000. The affair was conducted in the manner of a French farce with a private detective hiding under the sofa, upon which the lovers made a 'criminal connection', not once, but twice.

As usual, a Cardigan story was good copy and the more sensational newspapers noted that when the case came up for trial in December 1843, the detective had inexplicably vanished. He eventually reappeared, after rumours that Cardigan had paid for his disappearance, and the case was finally heard two months later. It was quickly revealed that the plaintiff husband was considerably more debauched than Cardigan and the jurors found in favour of the defendant.

Three years later, Lady Cardigan left her husband and lived with her lover, the 70-year-old Admiral Colville. It must have been a moment to savour when Cardigan replied to Colville's offer of satisfaction. Echoing the words uttered 20 years earlier, Cardigan assured the Admiral that, far from impugning his honour, Colville had performed 'the greatest service one man may render another'.

On March 28, 1854 Britain declared war on Russia at a time when, over 50 years old and suffering from chest and bladder complaints, Cardigan might have begun to fade from the national limelight. But with the formation of an expeditionary force to invade the Russian Black Sea provinces, the 'toy' soldier jumped at the call to arms. Promoted Brigadier-General, Cardigan was given command of the Light Brigade, that with the Heavy Brigade, formed the Cavalry Division under his brother-in-law, Lord Lucan. Unfortunately for the rest of the army, Cardigan and Lucan could not stand the sight of each other. Their continual bickering was exacerbated by the irresolution of their superior, Lord Raglan, who, when not prevaricating, tended to support his family friend, Cardigan, against the divisional commander, Lucan.

The army was first sent to the Danubian provinces but the Russians and Turks had already concluded all the fighting to be done in that area. The only violence shown was that between the feuding British generals. Nonetheless, Cardigan found the time to lead a force in the field for the first real challenge of his career. Ordered by Raglan to make a reconnaissance along the Danube, Cardigan took two squadrons of his Brigade on an aimless, 17-day excursion into the interior. Returning with scant information and having ruined 100 indispensable chargers through negligent provisioning and overwork, Cardigan now felt he was a seasoned campaigner. This,

turn to page 50

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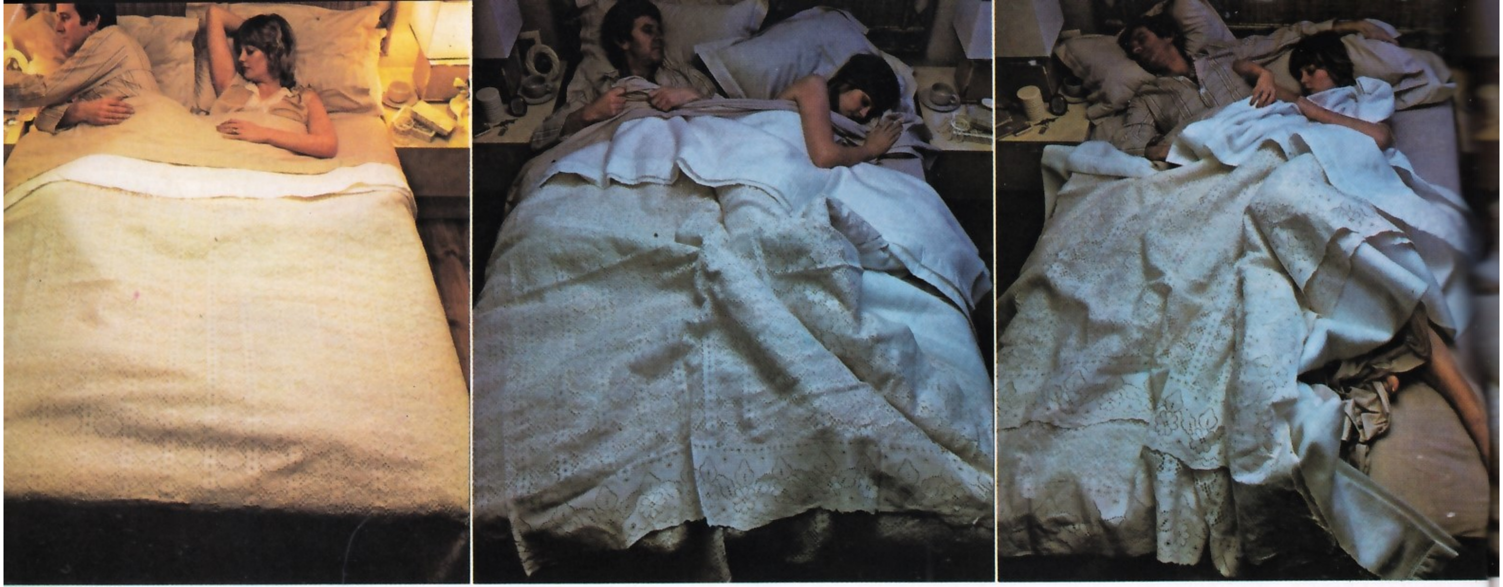
Miss Denmark

Birgit Stefansen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY VICTOR BRUUN

Say Danish girls and most people immediately conjure visions of blondes. 'Why?' asks Birgit Stefansen, the 21-year-old Miss Denmark in the last Miss World contest. 'There are many brunettes in Denmark. Some of them are quite good looking you know', adds Birgit with tongue firmly in cheek. For Birgit was voted Denmark's most beautiful woman, but, alas, 21 million BBC viewers who saw the contest did not see the

garland of the world's most beautiful woman draped over Birgit's 34–24–34 curves. In fact it could have been a little awkward if she had captured the Miss World title because Birgit is half way through a degree course in mathematical sciences. So even without the title her future should be as safe as houses, especially if she follows her father's footsteps into the building trade. It's unlikely though that she'll be embarking again on the trail of the Miss World crown, possibly because the glittering prizes hold out for Birgit no great attraction. She's a nature lover and likes the feel of the sun on her body. In the Miss World contest the swimsuits and evening dresses probably made her feel distinctly over-dressed. Danish photographer Victor Bruun confirmed this: 'She is naturally very sexy, and takes much pleasure being nude'. To round off Miss Denmark – as if she needed it – the Miss is true in the strictest sense and she keeps her 5 ft 7 in frame in the finest of trim with plenty of badminton and swimming.



DO YOU WAKE UP AS YOU WENT

At the top of the page you'll see an all too familiar phenomenon.

A crisp, freshly-made bed miraculously transforming itself into a disaster area in the space of a few hours.

Naturally, the wife blames the husband.

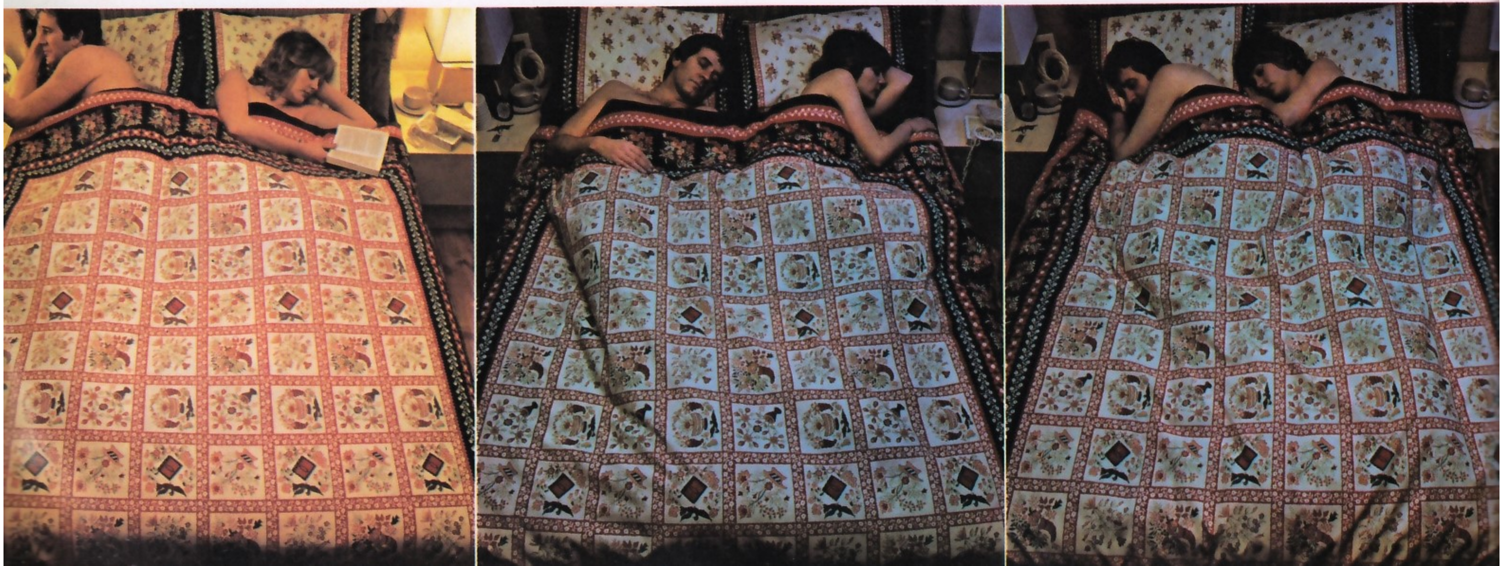
Equally naturally, the husband blames the wife.

Not wishing to set ourselves up as marriage guidance counsellors, we'd ask you to cast your eyes to the bottom of the page.

There, you'll notice exactly the same couple going to sleep in exactly the same bed, but waking up minus the disaster area.

Which kind of discounts the "husband versus wife" debate and replaces it with "sheets-and-blankets versus the Slumberdown quilt."

And evidently the Slumberdown wins.



IN THE SAME BED TO SLEEP IN?

The reason for this is simple: sheets and blankets rely almost entirely on the fact that they're tucked in to stay on the bed.

And the moment you get in, they come untucked. The moment you move, they become twisted and knotted. And finally, they fall on the floor.

A Slumberdown, on the other hand, doesn't tuck in.

Instead, it's light, flexible, and it moulds round your body. When you move, it moves with you. And when you move back, it moves back.

So, at the end of the night, provided you haven't found yourself on the floor, your quilt won't have done either.

There, the case for Slumberdown rests.

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Lord Cardigan

continued from page 42

the first cavalry action of the war was hailed in England as a triumph and with Cardigan promoted to Major-General, the public's attitude to him began to mellow.

Cardigan was at war but his parade ground punctiliousness continued. Arriving at the Brigade's new campsite, he complained that regimental seniority had been overlooked and ordered that the tents be taken down and rearranged. Returning later that day to see if his instructions had been carried out, he was not satisfied that the tents were properly in line. Everything was again dismantled and moved back an offending 12 inches.

The one piece of information gleaned from Cardigan's expedition was that the Russians had withdrawn from their threatened advance on the British base at Varna. Now Raglan took his army to capture Sebastopol in the Crimea, the main Russian port in the Black Sea.

Landing ominously at Calamita Bay, the army struck south towards Sebastopol, Cardigan convincing himself that his command was autonomous from Lucan. Fortunately, the noble Earl was not left entirely to his own devices otherwise, in the words of the great *Times* correspondent William Howard Russell, 'He would have anticipated all the disastrous part of Balaclava and none of its glory.'

Some 20 miles from Sebastopol, the army's advance guard of four squadrons of light cavalry under Cardigan, crossed the River Bulganek and found 2,000 Russian cavalry poised on the hill above them. Cardigan began to prepare his men for a charge when Lucan intervened. An argument inevitably ensued with the matter only finally resolved by an order from Raglan telling the squadrons to retire. From his vantage point across the valley, the British commander-in-chief had a view of the Russian positions denied to his cavalry down by the river. Raglan had seen an additional Russian force of 6,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery waiting to pounce on Cardigan's 200 horsemen.

Continuing its advance, the army based itself at the tiny port of Balaclava whilst it began the painfully slow business of laying siege to Sebastopol. The key men soon became the unglamorous engineers and artillerymen, a sporadic patrol being the limit of the cavalry's usefulness.

Cardigan now found that campaigning was not all that much fun. The only action he now saw was the occasional brush with Lucan. To minimise the problem, Raglan ordered Cardigan to set up a separate camp from the divisional base. Cardigan was, however, rarely there, as a friend had brought the Earl's yacht, the *Dryad*, out to the Crimea and, complaining of diarrhoea, he was given permission to sleep and dine on board. As his French chef endeavoured to cure his master's gastric ailments, Cardigan's brigade-major was obliged to travel each night the four miles from the camp to make his report. This leisurely life-style earned Cardigan the contempt of his men and the nick-name 'The Noble Yachtsman'. Captain Robert Portal of the 4th Light Dragoons expressed the thoughts of many of his fellow officers when he wrote, 'Cardigan has as much brains as my boot. He is only to be equalled in want of intellect by his relation the Earl of Lucan. Without mincing matters, two such fools could hardly be picked out of the British Army.'

As a rule, Cardigan would take a leisurely breakfast aboard the *Dryad* and begin his 'working day' at about 9.30. On the morning of October 25, 1854, he was still fast asleep as 25,000 Russians began a dawn attack upon Balaclava. With the bulk of the British army investing Sebastopol, only a small force was left to protect the base camp. By the time Cardigan took over from his second-in-command, Lord George Paget (brother-in-law of his ex-lover, Lady Frances Paget), the brigade had been 'standing at their horses' for over five hours and the ring of redoubts protecting the road to Balaclava had been taken. As the Russian cavalry attempted a break-through, it was only the resolution of the 'thin red streak' of the 93rd Highlanders and the dash of the Heavy Brigade that stemmed their advance. After the infantry had repulsed the first Russian attack, eight squadrons of the Heavy Brigade, totalling some 800 men, charged a force of over 3,000 Russian cavalry, driving them away from their objective.

Watching this British victory, Cardigan was heard to comment enviously, 'Damn those Heavies. They have the laugh of us this day.' Surprisingly, he refused all his officers' entreaties to give chase to the retreating foe, sulkily maintaining that he would wait for explicit orders from his superior. At last the order came, in a confused instruction from Raglan, to attack the Russians in the valley stretching out in front of the Brigade. Tired of inaction and debate, it seems that both Lucan and Cardigan just wanted to get on with the job of fighting the enemy, regardless of the vagueness of the order. Nonetheless, even Cardigan felt constrained to point out, 'There must be some mistake. I shall never be able to bring a single man back.' Lucan acknowledged the dangers of attacking the entire Russian army but reiterated, 'Lord Raglan will have it.'

Thus it was that at about 11.30 on the morning of October 25, 1854, Cardigan led, seated on his favourite horse Ronald, his men into the Valley of Death. Looking unswervingly ahead (a fact no doubt helped by the corset he was wearing), the Major-General regulated the brigade's pace, chiding anyone daring to force their way to the fore. Bullets and shells flew, men and horses were slaughtered all around. But Cardigan rode on unscathed, finally reaching the guns at a speed he later estimated at 17 mph. He galloped through the smoke, riding in between two cannon just as they fired, nearly colliding with a mass of Cossacks. A Russian officer, Prince Radziwill, recognised Cardigan from a meeting at a party in London before the war and ordered his men to capture the

turn to page 58

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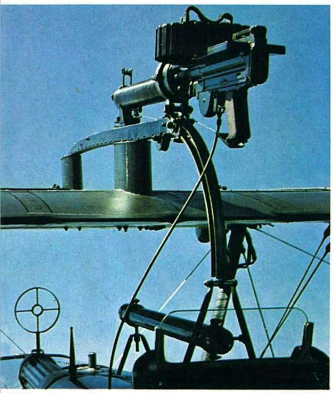
The Shuttleworth Collection of historic aircraft is no dust-gathering monument to a bygone age, but a dazzling display of machines in their natural element

Wings at Old Warden

Photographs by Malcolm English

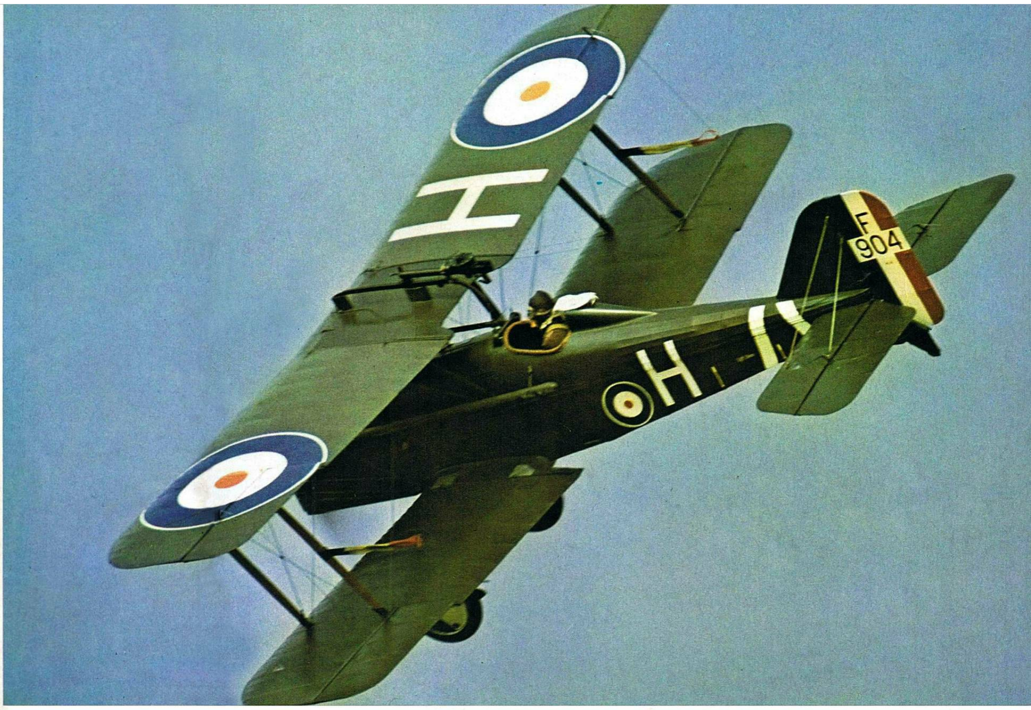


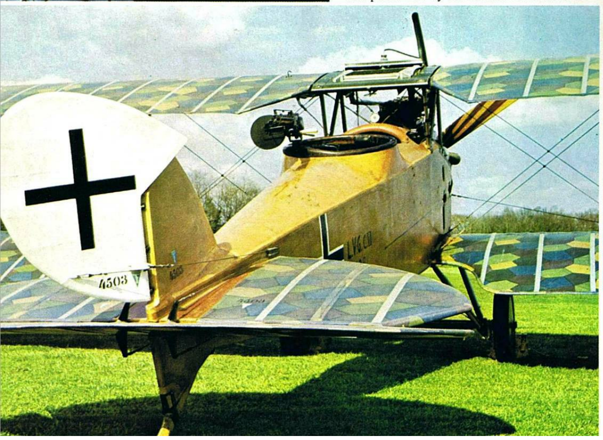
Once a month the peace and quiet of a picturesque part of Bedfordshire is disturbed by the chugging of a Sopwith Pup's nine cylinder rotary engine; the puffing of a 1909 Bleriot, plus the inimitable sounds of many more early flying machines. For the last Sunday of each month is the day the public can witness historic aircraft claw their way skywards in a demonstration of man's early defiance of gravity.

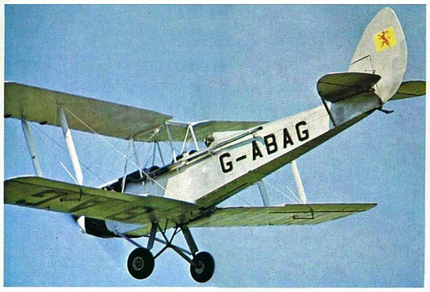
Situated in the idyllic and timeless surroundings of Bedfordshire's grass-stripped Old Warden aerodrome, the Shuttleworth Collection of historic aircraft allows visitors to witness a flying display unique in Europe. Nearly 50 machines belong to the Collection and 30 of them are maintained in pristine flying condition for their once-a-month outing in the sky.

The men who fly the aircraft today are imbued with a similar pioneering spirit to those early flyers who first reached for the clouds. To compare flying one of these aircraft with, say, a modern Cessna, is to compare driving Stephenson's Rocket with an automatic Cortina.

The pilots who fly the Shuttleworth aircraft

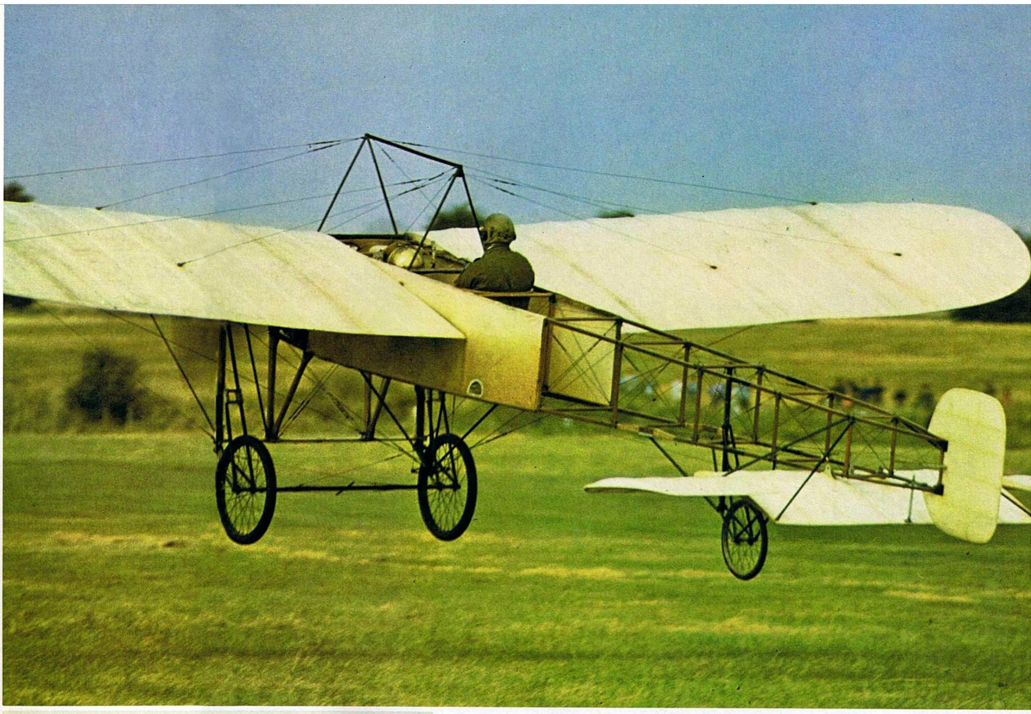


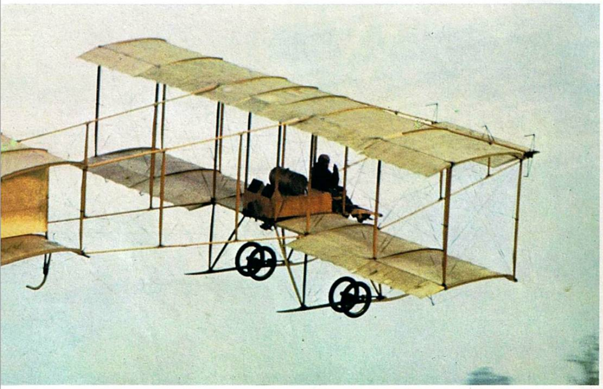




Second only to the Sopwith Camel in combat efficiency but possibly the most pleasant of all World War One aircraft to fly, the Royal Aircraft Factory-built SE5a (above) is powered by a 200 hp Wolseley Viper engine giving it a top speed of 120 mph and a ceiling of 19,500 feet. Wing Cdr David Bywater banks this fine example to port. Vickers and Lewis guns are mounted above and below the top wing of the SE5a (top left). During the First World War the German Army Air Service flew the German-built LVG CV-1 (bottom left) as a reconnaissance aeroplane for the Kaiser. The Shuttleworth Trust engineers spent over five years restoring the LVG CV-1 to pristine flying condition. G-ABAG (left) is the renowned de Havilland DH 60 G Moth. This example was a gift to the Collection from Mrs Hull in memory of her late husband Douglas Hull.

The opening sequences of that superb movie 'Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines' immortalised many of man's early attempts to fly. Some failed miserably while others introduced a degree of grace rarely found in today's machines. At Old Warden some of the greatest applause is reserved for a plane of this type. During the twelve years since the replica Bristol Boxkite was commissioned for the film it has flown regularly, and each time it climbs gracefully away from Old Warden's turf it's billed as the Boxkite from 'Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines'. The Boxkite is a great favourite with the crowds and so is the Trust's oldest aircraft, an original Bleriot Type X1 (right) built in 1909 by Louis Bleriot himself. This flight also started gracefully, but ended in disaster when the plane landed downwind in a field.





all have service flying experience, while most are, or have been, test pilots. The apparent ease with which these historic planes are flown belies the difficulty actually experienced due to low engine power, high air resistance and instability. But those early aviators were the real pioneers – they had no flying manuals, no established performance data, nor any proven laws of aerodynamics.

The Collection was founded way back in 1928 by Richard Ormonde Shuttleworth and apart from the aircraft, he collected cars and carriages. But the exhibits were never intended to be embalmed museum pieces – no brightly painted carcasses gathering dust while their insides rot, if they have any insides left at all. The whole essence of the Collection is that it should be enjoyed in its natural element, and a team of twenty-five dedicated enthusiasts toil at Old Warden to restore and maintain these beautiful contraptions. They are paid for their efforts but it's more a labour of love and downright ingenuity which keeps these aircraft going. When a global search for some obscure component ends in vain these craftsmen will resort to re-manufacturing.

Limited lines prohibit a full description of the entire Collection, but a few of the machines are particularly worthy of mention. The oldest plane, for example, dates back to 1909 and is the original Bleriot Type X1 built by Louis Bleriot himself, while the largest is probably the Gloster Gladiator. The last of the byplane fighters, the Gladiator achieved fame when the three known as Faith, Hope and Charity helped defend Malta against

Another great favourite at Shuttleworth open days is the Sopwith Pup (left). It is powered by a Le Rhone nine-cylinder rotary engine which develops 80 hp. This example is being flown by John Lewis, the deputy chief test pilot for Rolls Royce. The Boeing Kaydett (bottom left) was built for the United States Navy for use as a trainer during World War 2. Another trainer is the Avro Tutor K3215 (bottom right). This particular machine was delivered to the Royal Air Force College in Cranwell on March 27, 1933, and is now finished in its original colour scheme of trainer yellow. In aviation parlance the mechanic in white overalls is known as the wing-man. His services are required when taxiing the Bristol F2b fighter. This machine is a First World War fighter and to those who flew her – and walked beside her – she was known as Biff.

Mussolini during the second World War. Another Oldie is the French Deperdussin cockpit monoplane renowned for its incredible average speed of 124 mph, quite something in 1913.

Not all of the machines are genuine. There are a couple of replicas which were built for the film *Those Magnificent Men in their Flying Machines*. They are faithful copies of a 1910 Bristol Boxkite and Avro Triplane. Both planes are great favourites with the crowds and have been flying regularly since their film debut twelve years ago.

World War One aircraft are well represented by types such as the Sopwith Pup, SE5a and Bristol F2b fighter, which incidentally, is powered by the oldest Rolls Royce aero engine still operating in the world. Also powered by a Rolls Royce engine is undoubtedly the Collection's most popular aircraft – a recently restored clipped-wing Spitfire Mk Vc. As it swoops down to the crowd and then pulls up into a slow roll it stirs up nostalgia in all those who lived near a fighter station during the thirties and forties. In complete contrast, however, is the Fieseler Storch with its extremely short take-off and landing capability, plus its ability to fly at 31 mph, yet still retain full control.

The Shuttleworth Collection flying days are held on the last Sunday of each month. Gate money is £4 per car load, except during July and September, when it rises to £5. On non-flying days – Sundays included – the Collection can be enjoyed in its stationary mode at a cost of 75p for adults and 40p for children. Old Warden is within easy distance of London and located two miles off the A1 road near Biggleswade.

Lord Cardigan

continued from page 50

General. This did not stop two lance thrusts being aimed at Cardigan, one tearing his jacket, the other ripping his trousers. Even now he refrained from moving his sword from the slope position, regarding it as 'no part of a general's duty to fight the enemy among private soldiers.' Feeling he had done his bit, he turned Ronald around and rode steadily back to the British lines.

Several people later remembered Cardigan's calmness on the return from the charge, including Captain Shakespear of the Horse Artillery who recalled the Earl's comment upon the lance hole in his breeches. 'Damn nice thing this, Shakespear, and nothing to keep the cold out.' To which Shakespear replied, 'Pardon me, my lord, the artillery are always prepared for an emergency' and an orderly was sent to fetch the Captain's flask.

In spite of rumours to the contrary, Cardigan did not beat a hasty retreat to his yacht for a champagne supper. He spent the rest of the day and night in mutual recriminations with the other generals and visiting the survivors of his brigade. He told them, 'It is a mad-brained trick but it's no fault of mine.' Astonishingly, his men were heard to reply, 'Never mind, m'lud, we're ready to do it again!'

But their protestation was emotional rather than realistic. To all intents and purposes, Cardigan no longer had a brigade to command. Of the 673 men who had taken part, only 195 were able to answer the roll call after the charge. With over 500 horses killed, there was nothing for the survivors to ride. Their commander remained with them for a further month but, as he confided to a friend, there was little to keep him, 'I have no brigade. My brigade is gone. My heart and health are broken. I must go home.'

Arriving back in England on January 13, 1855, the invalid soon made a remarkable recovery. The miseries and disappointments of the war were forgotten as he found himself hailed by the nation as a hero. Once despised by the popular press, Cardigan was now transformed from the 'plague-spot of the British Army' into 'without doubt the most popular soldier in all England.' The music hall songs of 'Black Bottle' and his sexual escapades were replaced by paeans to his martial valour.

The once socially unacceptable rake was invited to Windsor to give a first-hand account of his exploits to the Royal Family. The United Services Club, having blackballed him for fourteen years, now made him an honorary member.

It was only with the end of the war and the return of the veterans, that Cardigan's triumphs began to receive a closer inspection. His boastfulness angered men who had endured the mud and filth of two Crimean winters whilst their general returned home. Memoirs hinted that rumours of Cardigan's cowardice were not unfounded. It could not be denied that few had seen their commander at the guns and that he had lost no time in getting back to the safety of the British lines. Many officers felt that Cardigan was guilty of a serious dereliction of duty when he deserted his men at the guns. He had seemed more concerned with playing the part of a gentleman than of a general.

All these matters came to a head in 1863 when Cardigan belatedly sued Colonel Somerset Calthorpe for libels written in a book that had been published in 1856. The delay cost Cardigan dear for, although it was proved that he had reached the Russian guns, the case confirmed his irresponsibility. Furthermore, the action had been brought too late for any damages to be awarded to the aggrieved Earl.

As he continued to fight the war in the letters pages of the newspapers and in the courtroom, the sexagenarian was still battling away on the bedroom front, setting up Adeline de Horsey, 27 years his junior, as his mistress. In 1858, on the death of his wife, he took Adeline to Gibraltar and married her. But although the marriage was happier than his first, society had hoped for a worthier Countess of Cardigan than the Earl's mistress. As a result, the couple spent five years as social outcasts before being readmitted into the *beau monde*. Once re-established, they entertained sumptuously at the family seat of Deene in Northamptonshire and at Cowes, on the successors to the *Dryad*.

Inexorably, the drain on the *beau sabreur's* energies became as acute as the impending bankruptcy of his finances. His health began to fail and, on March 26, 1868, whilst out riding, he was struck by a seizure. Taken back to Deene, he died two days later, never having regained consciousness.

Few mourned Cardigan as a man, but none could deny that he had been a memorable character. Selfish, arrogant and conceited, he was daily commemorated by the regiment he had so abused and loved. Whereas the rest of the British Army sounded the last post at 10 pm, after 1868, the 11th Hussars sounded it at 9.50, the exact time of Cardigan's death. The man who had expected the army to conform with him finally had his way.

Of the 673 officers and men of the Light Brigade who charged into the Valley of Death only 195 answered roll call after the charge.

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CONSUELA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

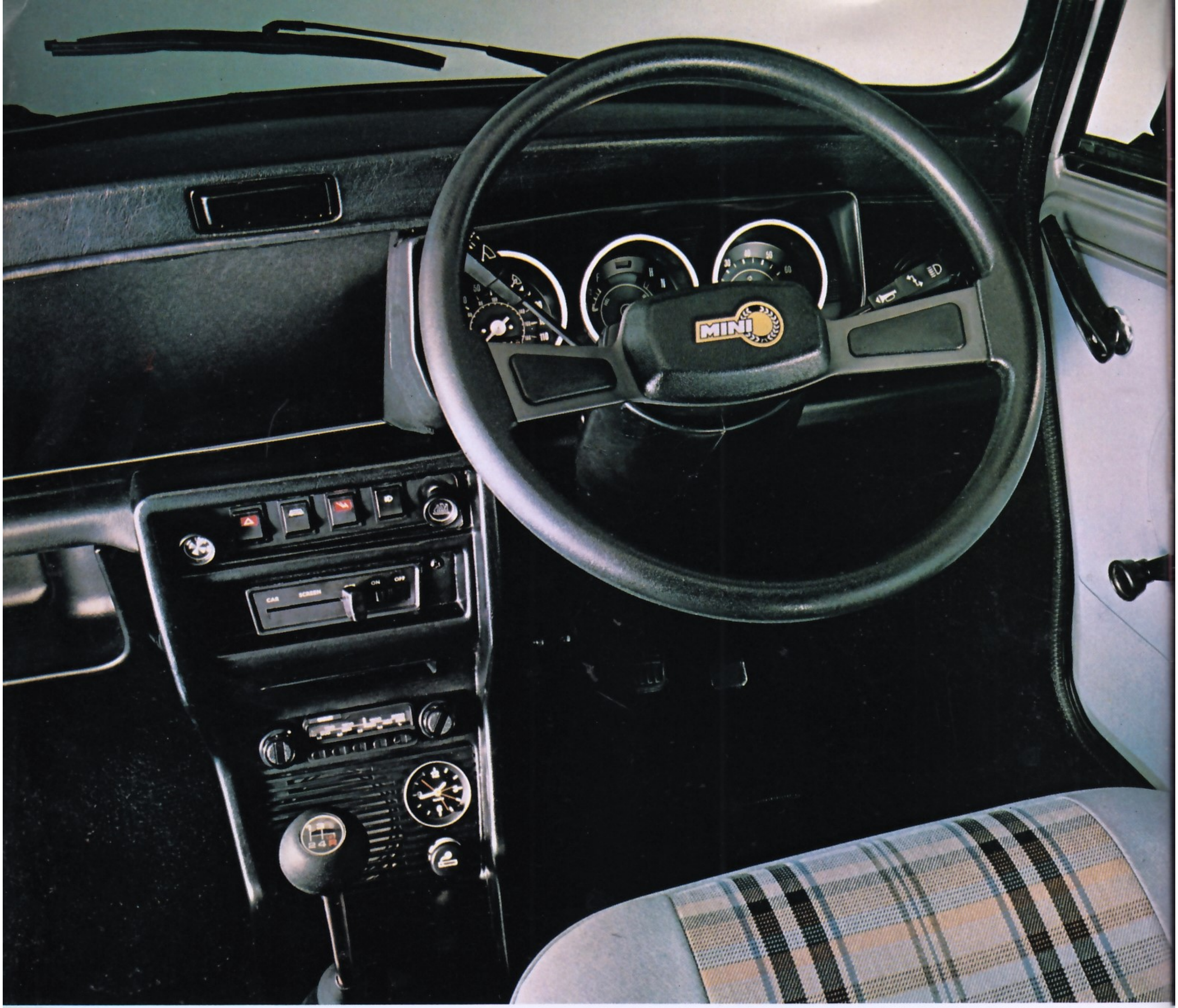
There was a time, not so long ago, when Spanish girls were not heard and definitely not seen. But with Spain's remarkable and peaceful transition from dictatorship to democracy there's also been an underlying, if less obvious, shift towards a more tolerant society. Just take the case of 20-year-old Consuela de la Fuente, this month's *Mayfair* centregirl. A few years ago it would have been a mere dream to savour on the dark sultry nudity of a classic Spanish beauty. *Mayfair* is proud to be able to turn those dreams into reality. 'You know,' says Consuela, in her broken English, 'most British people have completely the wrong idea about Spain today.'

'You think of Spain and all you have in mind are package holidays, paella, flamenco and bull-fights. But I have travelled throughout Europe and I still believe that Madrid is one of the most exciting cities. Swinging, is the word I think you use.' Barcelona-born Consuela, who fills the lens to an eye-catching 35-22-34, is a devotee of the sport of fronton – a squash-like game played at tremendous speed and during which a great deal of money is exchanged amongst the audience. 'It's sometimes played with racquets,' explains Consuela, 'other times with a scooped basket-type thing strapped to the wrist. The ball travels so fast you have to concentrate very hard.' Another favourite form of wiling away a balmy evening for Consuela is *tasqueando*, or bar-hopping. 'In the centre of Madrid – the Puerta del Sol – is a maze of narrow streets just full of bars. You could spend an entire evening just going from one to the other. And each bar serves its own specialities – one may serve exquisite wine, another superb mussels or shellfish.'

And at lunchtime you may well spot Consuela enjoying a sumptuous meal at the open-air restaurant in Retiro Park, accompanied by her current suitor. 'It's a beautiful setting,' she explains, 'but it is a luxury: the prices are a bit – how you say it? – expensive.' But for all her guided tour of Madrid, it's Barcelona that holds pride of place in Consuela's heart. 'You know it's a pity that so many tourists miss the real Spain. Spain isn't Alicante and Benidorm. Who has heard of Barceloneta for instance? It's a small beach in my home town littered with shacks. When you walk past, you realise that they are restaurants: the food they serve is magnificent. The owners even come outside to compete for customers. "Don't go next door – he will poison you" one will say. He won't, of course,' she smiles. Consuela spends her day as an interpreter for a firm of Madrid wine-shippers. She is presently looking forward to her first visit to Britain. 'I wonder,' she muses, 'if English boys will be as attentive to me as Spanish boys are to English girls.' Of that, we are sure.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
CONSUELA DE LA FUENTE

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH
CONSUELA DE LA FUENTE



NEVER BEFORE BEEN PUT INT FOR S

Consider the most lavish production Mini ever. A limited edition model made to celebrate the 20th birthday of the Mini.

It's called the 1100 Special and what makes it special is that it leaves you with virtually no options.

Because they're already in the car.

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You'll enjoy a specially-designed, floor-mounted console, housing the push-button radio and speaker, the cigar lighter and electric clock.

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HAS SO MUCH
O SO LITTLE
O FEW.

SPECIAL OUTSIDE.

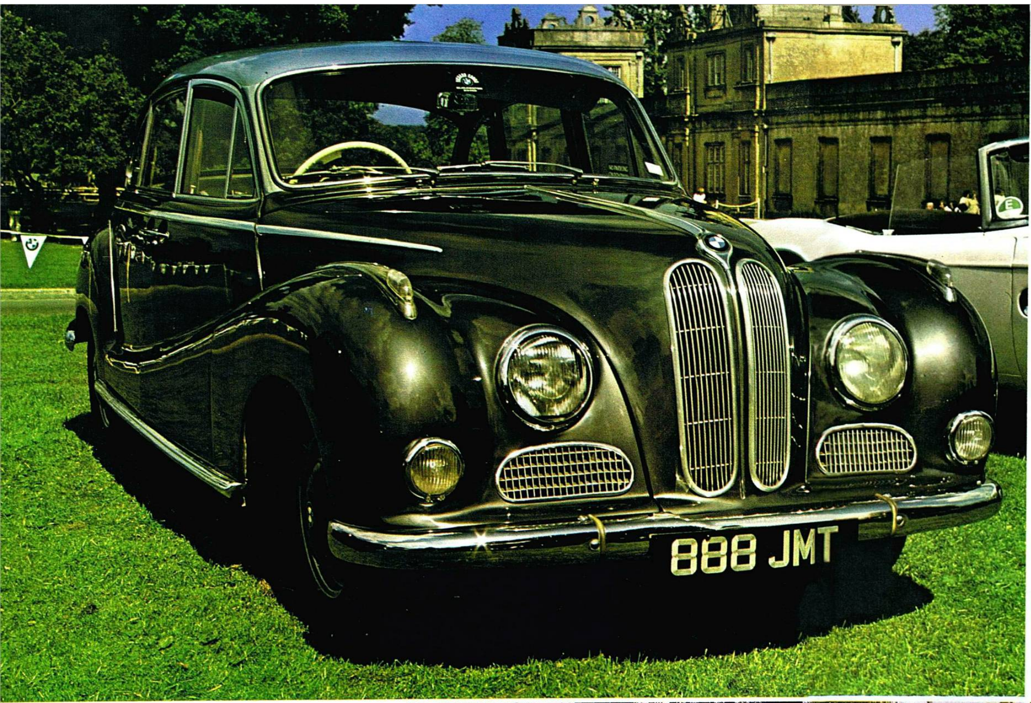
The Mini Special comes in two metallic colours: Rose and Silver Grey. Standard features, beside the distinctive side trim, include a vinyl roof, side repeater flashers, twin door mirrors, matt black wipers and tinted glass.

And if nothing moves like a Mini, wait till you try the 1100cc power plant on alloy wheels and extra wide Dunlop 165/70 tyres (note the large wheel arch extensions to accommodate them).

The only other thing we might add about the Mini-with-everything is this: don't wait too long to see one at your local Austin Morris dealer. Because although we're making the special Special, we aren't making many.

Austin Morris
with Supercover.

*PRICE INCLUDES SEAT BELTS, CAR TAX, AND VAT. NUMBER PLATES AND DELIVERY EXTRA.

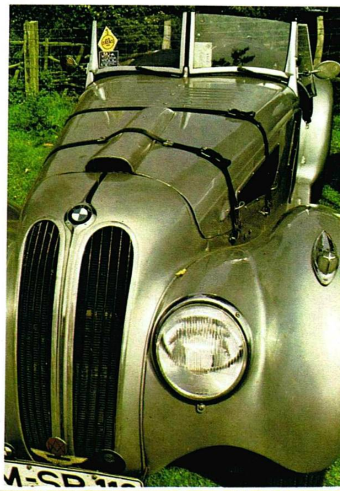


BMW: the initial years

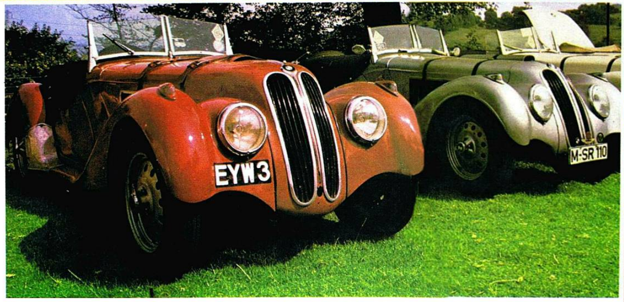
Motoring with William Boddy

Photographed by Andrew Morland

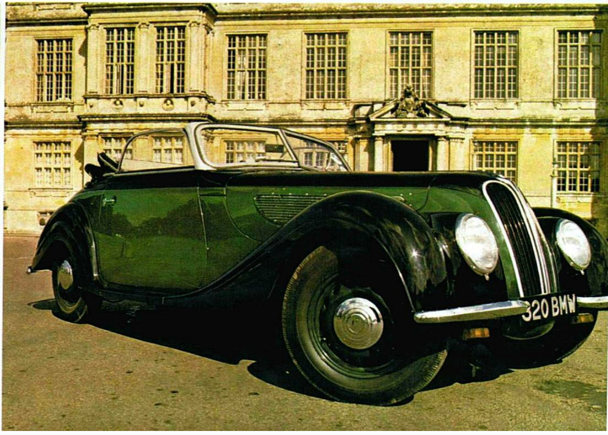
The early cars from BMW established a reputation for quality in looks and top performance that has lasted through the years



Today the BMW motorcar from Munich is a highly-respected status symbol and, more important, a means of very pleasant, effortless, rapid motoring, petrol and speed limits permitting. I write that from the depth of my motoring heart, having had a good deal of experience and reliable fast-mileage from a number of four and six-cylinder post-war BMW models. I have also seen over the efficient factory where they are constructed into compact, luxury saloons, with excellent road manners and no mean performance, and I have driven the rare post-war V8 Type 507 in Germany. The significant thing about BMW, perhaps, is that the company started not by making cars, or as is sometimes thought, motorcycles, but aero-engines. It was in 1916, remarkably convenient to the German war-effort, that this commenced, from the concern then known as the Bayerische Flugzeug-Werke of Munich. When I went to the car factory long after



Opposite page, top: a BMW 328, manufactured between 1936 and 1939. These models were the most successful of the BMWs made before World War Two, and won more than 200 races on the continent. They virtually swept the board in their class and one year carried off the first three places in the 1936 Ulster TT competition. Below: A BMW 327/80 manufactured in 1940 looks suitably majestic for its surroundings at a rally of the BMW Car Club at Longleat last year. This page, top: a 1956 BMW 502. Below: a pair of BMW 328s.



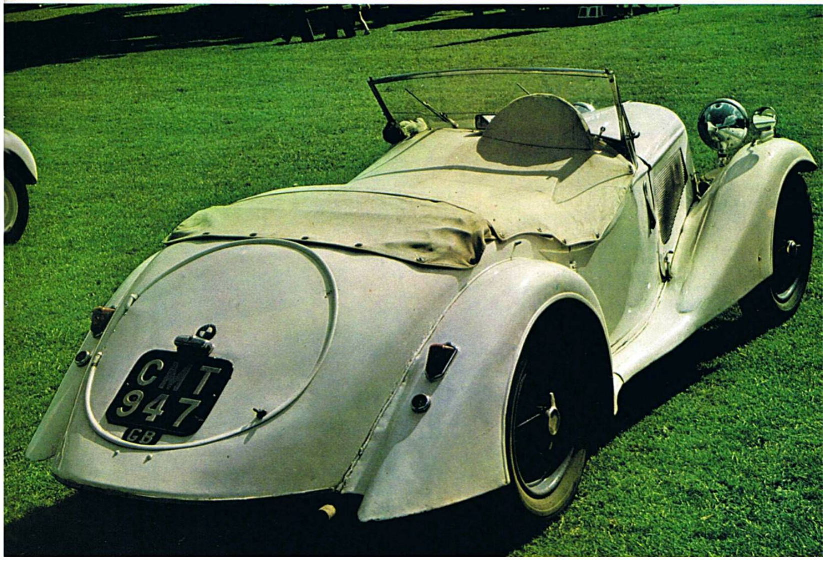
Germany had fought and lost another war, the open expanse of the one-time test airfield still faced the buildings.

There was something very neat and well-finished about these BMW aero-engines. Soon they were to be kept company by power plants for boats and for motorcycles. By 1923 the BMW motorcycles themselves appeared. In later years these BMW motorcycles were to set impressive speed records and they were very much in the tradition of the high quality BMW aero-motors.

When the by now well-established BMW concern decided to make cars it was to the British Austin Seven that it turned for inspiration, as others had done in America and Japan, the little BMW version coming out as the Dixi. To do this BMW had acquired the Dixi factory at Eisenach. It was here that the car was turned out, motorcycle manufacture remaining at Munich. That was in 1928, but by 1932 it was seen that a more sophisticated small car would be needed to sell to the German public and the crude Dixi was replaced by an 800 cc car with a tubular backbone chassis, enabling independent suspension of the road wheels to be used effectively.

This first true BMW car was known as the 3/20PS model. It was the start of a great and very successful run of BMW cars up to the outbreak of war, accelerated in 1933 when there appeared the first of this range of beautifully engineered small-capacity six-cylinder models, commencing with the 303.

Like Peugeot, BMW number their



Opposite page, top and bottom: front and rear views of the beautiful lines of the BMW 319, manufactured in 1935. This page, top: a BMW 507. This is considered amongst BMW enthusiasts to be one of the most beautiful models the company has ever made. It was manufactured in 1958. Second from top: a 3200CS Bertone sports coupé manufactured in 1965. Second from bottom: a 326 drophead coupe built in 1938, a 1940 BMW 327/80 and a BMW 319 built in 1935. Above: a BMW 503 made in 1959. This has a 3168cc engine.

different models. The one that followed the 303 was the 315, using that narrow push-rod overhead-valve six-cylinder engine in 1½ litre form. That arrived about the same time as a more powerful version known as the 319, which had an engine of increased capacity, namely 1911 cc. The respective horse-powers were 40 and 55 bhp but of more importance was the smooth manner in which the power was delivered and the good road-holding of these impressive new German cars, derived from rigid chassis frames and supple suspension of the wheels. Gears were changed by rather long and willowy central levers, but you seldom get everything you would desire in one and the same motorcar. The coachwork exuded quality, and the appearance was distinctive, with rather low bonnets. If you ordered a cabriolet, which Germany made rather well at that time, it would be snug and weather-proof with the top erect, ugly with it down, as those lined German hoods never folded away properly out of sight.

These BMWs made the company as well liked by its car customers as it was in the motorcycle and aero-engine fields. Those who felt they were not yet in a position to go Mercedes but who scorned tinware of the Opel Kadett kind had a good purchase among these refined and lively Bay-Em-Vays. Encouraged, the directors went on to better and better things. The former backbone chassis had given way to a twin-tube frame for the required stiffness, using a transverse leaf spring up front, for the independence, and half-elliptic springs for the back axle. There was a four-speed syncromesh cog-box, four-wheel brakes, mechanically operated, and those fine cabriolet bodies might be made by Reutter. The BMW to which they were fitted was so light that it would accelerate quickly up to 80 mph. The BMW of 1933/34 was all fairly conventional, yet individualistic.

As with this manufacturer's models in the 1970s, different versions appeared with confusing frequency, but at that time all were based on this eager, comparatively small, six-cylinder footing. In this country, the insular customers continued to buy their Austins, Morrises and Daimlers, and even the more enthusiastic had not heard much of these pleasing German confections. Not, that is, until arch-enthusiast H J Aldington, who was weaned on GNs and Frazer Nashes, and selling the latter from his celebrated premises in Isleworth, took his Frazer Nash team on the tough, rough 1934 Alpine Trial. In this publicity-affording thrash he met up with these BMWs. I cannot remember quite what happened, but I think they must have licked his primitive Frazer Nashes, because he had hardly washed the dust of travel and battle from his person than he was negotiating a British agency for them. He called the cars Frazer Nash-BMWs. There was little difference from the native product, except that 'Aldy' got the steering over on the right. The badges were also suitably re-inscribed. But they retained the same quartered pattern they do today, intended to convey to the knowledgeable an aeroplane propeller and therefore BMW's aero-engine beginnings.

That was how we insular Britishers got to know the full worth of the marque from Munich. The Aldingtons tended to renumber the current BMWs they had revamped to suit the British market. Thus the 315 was known here as the Type 45, the 319 as the Type 55. The point of the latter was that it came in two-seater sports form, with twin Solex carburettors. It was an exciting proposition, which I came to know only too well. Borrowing one from the Aldingtons, for a Bugatti Owners' Club Night Trial, I first dropped its ignition key down a drain and, as no-one had spares, had to fish for it for hours. Then, taking a short cut across a roundabout in the early, still-dark morning, the clutch-actuating levers were carried away and I had to drive clutchless.

The pre-war BMW that really stole the sports car limelight was the late, great 328. It used the by now well-known six-pot power unit but with ingenious new valve gear. The valves could be inclined in a light alloy hemispherical head, racing car fashion, while retaining the simplicity of push-rods poking them from a base camshaft. This, and triple down-draught carburettors, again Solexes, gave the 328 a most desirable amount of speed and acceleration. Its supple independent front suspension gave to sports car folk the type of thing which was just beginning to be exploited for those most powerful of road-racing GP cars, by Mercedes-Benz out of Stuttgart. Namely, a stiff frame but soft springing to let the wheels ride easily over the bumps; whereas the vintage mode was to have very hard springs, deflecting hardly at all, the unhappy channel-section chassis doing most of the 'springing'.

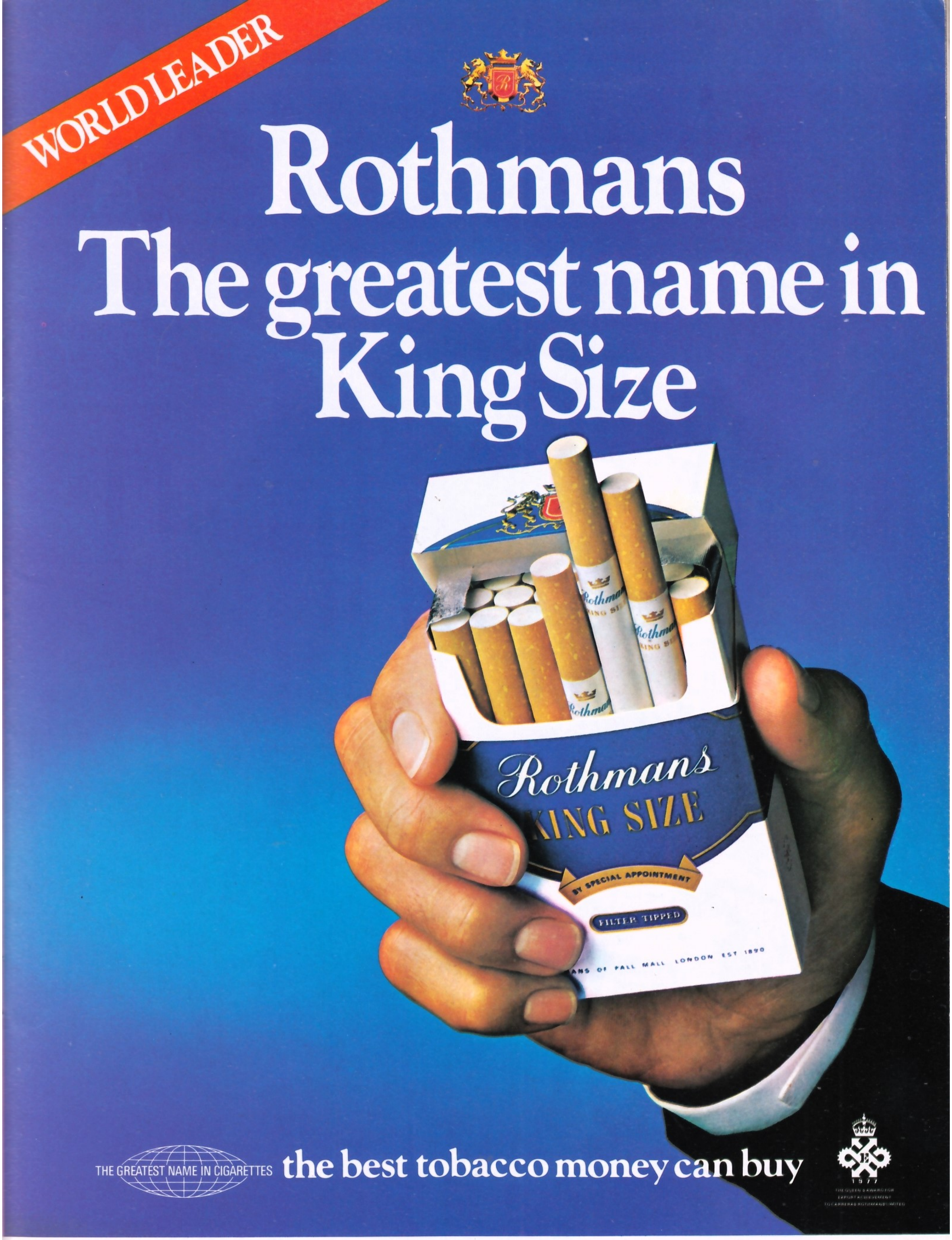
The 1911 cc BMW engine developed 80 bhp in 328 form, and the suspension ensured excellent cornering. The chassis was clothed in a handsome two-seater body with headlamps sunk into the front wings, the back wheels spatted, and the occupants protected by a vee-windscreen. It looked splendid, went fast, and held the road like the proverbial leech. It had the additional bonus of light, smooth steering and if the purists looked slightly sideways at the white switch-gear, even the members of the diehard Vintage SCC, who burst their sides in those days when confronted by a SS100, could find nothing nasty to say about this remarkable BMW 328. Making its competition debut at the Nurburgring in the summer of 1936, this model built up a fine line of successes in sports car races. The Aldingtons, who sold sporting motoring to those who knew what they wanted, must have found this BMW model very good business indeed. You bought it for £695 and had a car as at home in a mud-trial or long-distance rally as in a race.

CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS
ROY NIXON

'I'd like a dozen "thank you for having me" cards.'

Sammy Davis took one to Brooklands in full road trim, on pump petrol, and covered 102.23 miles in an hour, officially timed. Those who sneered that this was achieved with a lightweight racing body had to swallow their words when a girl, Jill Thomas, repeated the dose in her own 328, doing 101.22 mph for the hour. So here was a new concept – a car that would do at least 95 mph on the road, looked the part with its disappearing hood, twin bonnet straps, and those separate vee-screens that would fold flat for racing. Faster than many supercharged jobs, the 328 Frazer Nash-BMW appeared in races in the hands of famous names. 'Aldy' drove a white one, A F P Fane, Leslie Johnson, even Stirling Moss, became 328-mounted, and in the 1936 Ulster TT these cars finished 1, 2, 3 in their class. The quickest of these averaged 77.32 mph. This was a landmark in sports car evolution. It made the name of BMW highly respected and those who sought comfort and a spacious body were catered for by the same power unit in the beautifully made and appointed 327/80 model. A total of 462 of the 328 model were made, including the special sports-racing versions that could top 120 mph.

In the 1970s the 328 is still so sought after that a replica has been offered. Those who run original pre-war cars must be very proud of them and if you are in Munich you should make a point of looking at this and other great BMWs of the past, in the maker's own museum. It was from the concept of the 328 that the post-war Bristol stemmed, but that is a story of its own. Before that, in 1939, something of a foretaste of the present great range of BMW offerings was seen in the 335, a scaled-up 326 with a 3½ litre engine. The 326 was the first of the bigger models, with 1971 cc engine, torsion-bar springing and, like the 328, hydraulic braking. It was the war that lost BMW the Eisenach plant, which was nationalised, causing car production to move to Munich. The first model to emerge after the war was the six-cylinder 501, in which could be seen pre-war influences. The V8 507 was a brief flirtation with a luxury sports roadster. By 1952 the company had been reformed into the present highly competitive organisation, several of whose cars have given me some of my most enjoyable motoring.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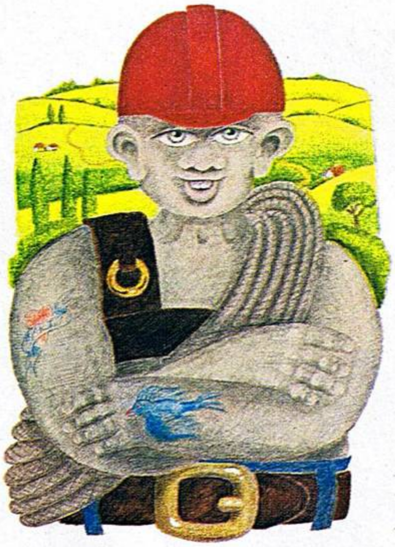
Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

Albert and Mildred were getting on in years, and they had never had any children. Albert was rather deaf, so Mildred always had to shout.

'Albert,' she said one day.. 'I'll soon be past it. We must go down to the doctor and find out why we've never had kids.'

'Oh, nearly half past eight,' said Albert. So Mildred repeated herself at the top of her voice, and next day they both went to the doctor. First he examined Mildred and then Albert to whom he said: 'You're alright but there's something wrong with your wife.'

'Pardon,' said Albert and the doctor bent close to his ear.

'I can't shout, it's rather delicate. Your wife has a sophisticated vagina. If she ever has a baby it'll be a miracle!'

'Got that?' asked the doctor and Albert replied in the affirmative.

When they got home Mildred bawled at Albert to tell her the verdict. 'Well,' said Albert, 'the doctor said I'm all right. It's you.'

'What!' yelled his wife.

'Yes, the doctor said you've got a fishcake up your fanny and if you ever have a baby it will be a mackerel.'

During a live TV play the leading lady shoots her husband by accident, and while the camera is playing on the smoking gun for effect a props man is supposed to shake tomato sauce over the husband's body. But the director switched the cameras from the gun back to the body too soon catching the props man shaking the sauce over the 'gun wound.'

After the event the props man was asked how he managed to overcome the director's mistake.

'What could I do?' asked the props man. 'I had to eat the body.'

A man enters a pub and says to the barman: 'Pint of mild please.' He takes one sip and spits it out. 'Piss,' he shouts and stamps out of the pub.

The next evening he goes to the same pub and orders a pint of lager. Again he spits it out and again he shouts 'piss,' and stamps out. On the third evening the man enters the bar, but the barman's had enough of him and says: 'Piss off!'

'In that case, I'll have a whisky and soda,' replies the customer.

When a steeplejack advertised for a new assistant the only response came from a curvy, 19-year-old girl. He explained to the girl that he would climb to the top of the chimney and dangle down a rope, and when he shook the rope she had to look up and see what tool he was miming. Having discovered the tool she was to tie it to the rope for it to be hauled up.

The girl quickly got the hang of the job until one day the boss was up the highest chimney he'd seen for years. He needed a hack-saw and went through the usual motions, but instead of sending up the saw the girl first pointed to him then put her hand on her left breast, her bottom, and her crotch. He tried miming the hack-saw again, but again she put her hand on her left breast, bottom and crotch.

Muttering about stupid women the boss descended the 250 foot chimney and shouted at the girl: 'Can't you understand? I'm miming hack-saw.'

'I know,' she replied. 'And I'm miming – You left tit behind, cunt.'

A recently bereaved woman, still grief stricken, was expounding the virtues of her late, lamented husband to a close lady friend for about the hundredth time that week.

'He was such a kind man,' said the poor widow. 'And so generous and sympathetic. He never struck me, nor did he ever touch a hair – not a hair'.

'Remarkable man indeed,' sighed her friend, 'and what a marksman'.

A lunatic asylum inmate amused himself by placing his pet flea on his left hand and on the command 'Jump, Freddie, jump,' the insect would leap to his right hand.

This game helped the poor man to pass away the mindless hours, but one day he produced a tiny pair of scissors and proceeded to cut off Freddie the Flea's legs. He then placed his truncated pet on his hand and gave the familiar command, but to no avail.

And then raising his voice he shouted *'Jump, Freddie, jump,'* but still the flea remained in his left hand.

'There you are,' cried the man triumphantly. 'That proves my theory. You cut off their legs and they go deaf.'

A public schoolboy ventured to London one weekend to discover for himself the experiences the other boys at school bragged about. After much searching he discovered his goal – a house of ill repute.

'I say my man,' said the public schoolboy. 'I wish to avail myself of a young woman and I can spare a pound.'

'What!' said the keeper. 'Well you could always try Ruth on the top floor.'

And so the young man had his fumbling fill of Ruth, but on Sunday he discovered he'd got crabs, so he stormed back to the brothel and burst into Ruth's room.

'I say old girl you've given me crabs.'

'What do you expect for a quid? Lobster?'

The saintly young vicar of Bude
Went sleep-walking totally nude
Arriving by chance
At a fancy-dress dance
Won prizes for being most rude.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

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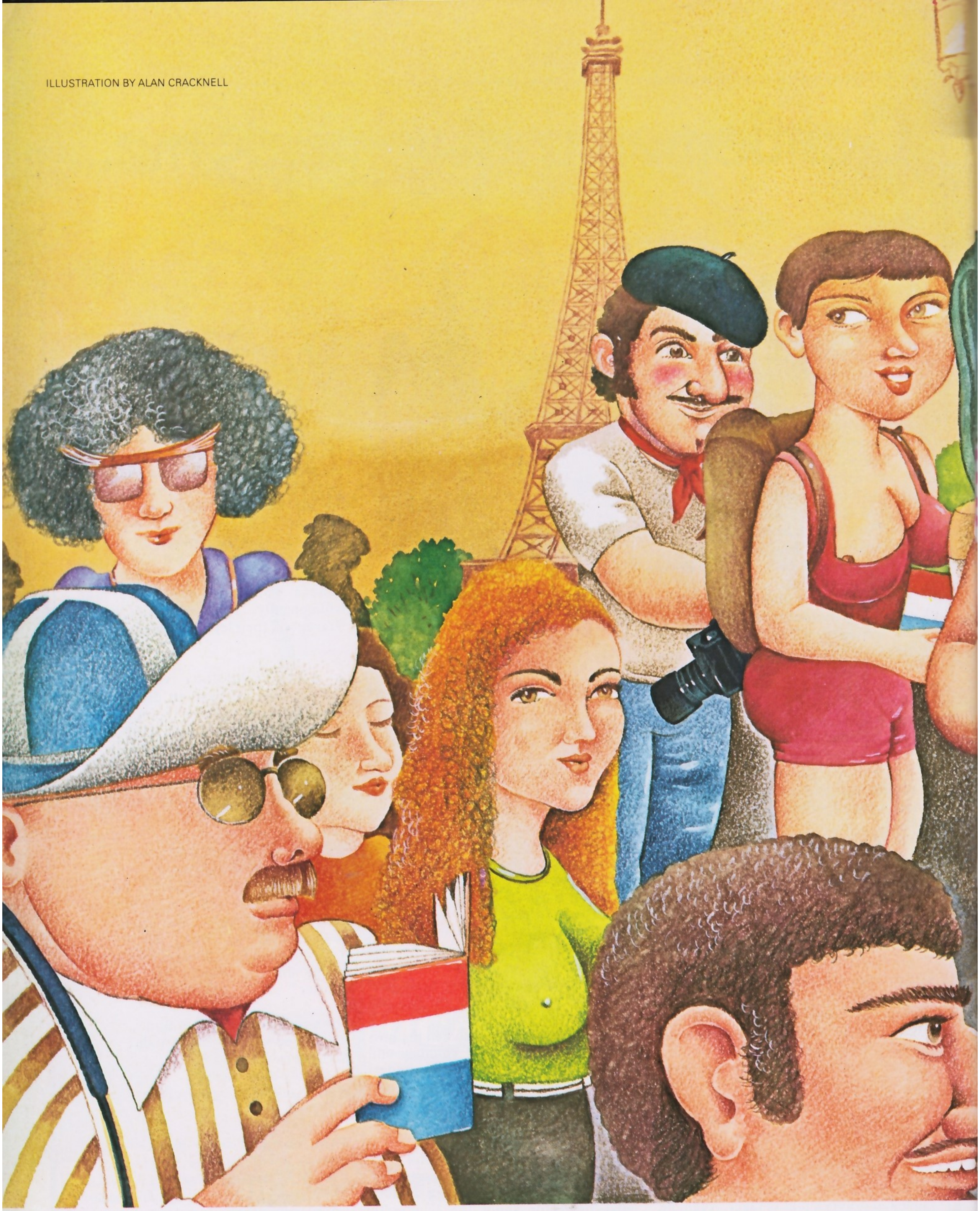
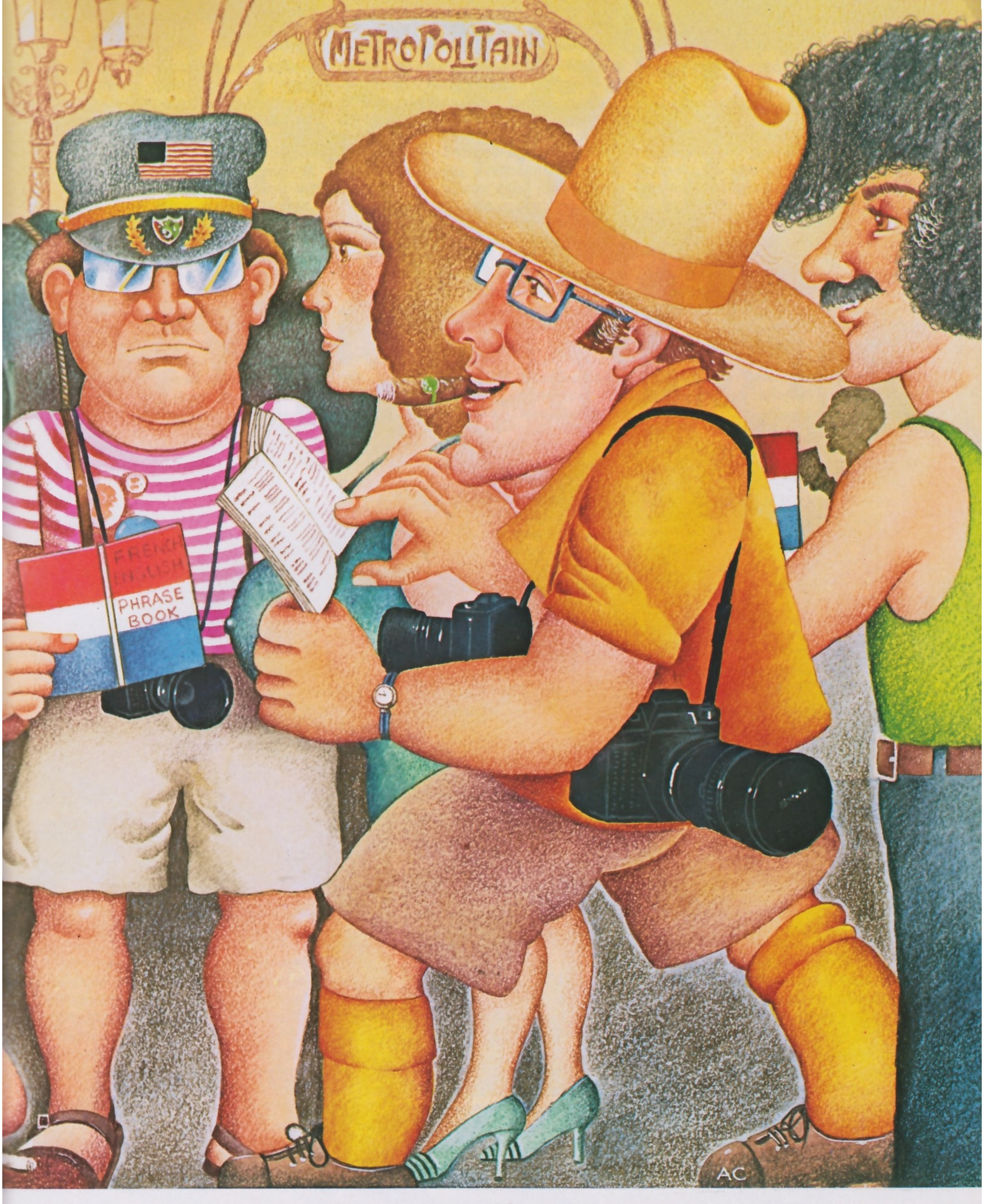


Can you direct me, Monsieur, to a house of call?

John Fergus Ryan, one of the English speaking world's leading humorists, turns his attention to the French and in particular the need for a permissively practical Parisian phrasebook



'Any Cabinet Minister in Paris, if taken aside and threatened with his life, will admit that there is a colony of Werewolves living under the floorboards of the Louvre, and that these man-beasts are officially maintained to be set upon American tourists and ill use them, once all their money is gone.

'The wise tourist will not run out of money, but failing that, he will equip himself with a French-English Phrase Book that will enable him, when the time comes, to thumb quickly to the exact entry, then call out the French of "Citizens! To my aid! I am beset by furry knaves!"

'Unfortunately, there is no such specialized French-English Phrase Book in existence.'

from TRAVELS WITH A PORCHBAT
by Amanda Budley-Spuggs 1897

Paris has changed since Miss Budley-Spuggs wrote about it.

There is no longer any real danger from Werewolves, although, now and again, one is seen lounging at Longchamps, eating an ice and pretending to read the racing papers.

These days Saw Tooth Buzzards, large, ill-tempered birds with long red necks, roost nightly along the grand avenues, and, in response to signals from a Concessionaire licensed by the government, swoop down on the penniless American tourists and, at beak point, rob them of small valuables, such as cigarette lighters, ball point pens and Elvis Presley memorabilia.

In other ways, too, the city is different.

The afternoon rain is now piped in, the flowers are Made in Japan, and two policemen and an official court photographer lurk behind every *kiosk*.

Still Americans continue to visit Paris, and unless they speak French, they will have to rely on the traditional French-English Phrase Books to make themselves understood.

However, as Miss Budley-Spuggs pointed out, these books are of no use to one who wishes to communicate something unusual.

They work well enough for the Christian missionary who wears white socks with a dark suit and who wants directions to a few nice tombs, where the dust is not too bad, and where he can buy a crockery souvenir, but they will not help the man who is looking for that which convention prohibits his asking after at home.

I WOULD LIKE A YOUNG LADY IN THE APPAREL OF A SCHOOLGIRL.

In the days when the only Americans travelling were rich brewers who behaved themselves, a phrase book with the French for WHERE IS THE BATHROOM? was satisfactory, even though the Frenchman, hearing the phrase spoken, sometimes thought the American was saying I'D LIKE TO TAKE YOU TO A SMALL ROOM AND GET YOU WET, and, unless he found the prospect exciting, would usually call a policeman.

Today, with reduced air fares and easy-to-get Credit Cards, a baser sort of American is travelling and the old style phrase books will not do, for they do not contain the questions he wants to ask or the statements he wants to make.

What is needed today is a French-English Phrase Book that contains, for instance, a selection of phrases to be used in bribing persons in authority and for avoiding the consequences of social relations.

YOU SAY SHE IS ONLY FIFTEEN? BUT SHE LOOKS MUCH OLDER! IT WAS SHE HERSELF WHO SUGGESTED I BIND HER IN HARNESS LEATHER AND TICKLE HER RIBS WITH A BATTERY POWERED APPLIANCE. HOW MUCH TO FORGET THE WHOLE SORDID AFFAIR? I AM AN AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE AND MY CHEQUE IS GOOD.

The clichés common to whole groups of cranks, such as joggers, physical culturists and health food fadists, should be included, as well.

YOU OUGHT TO LOSE SOME OF THAT FAT GUT, FELLA! WHAT YOU OUGHT TO GET IS MORE EXERCISE! LET'S GO DOWN TO THE GYM AND WORK OUT! RUNNING MAKES YOUR HEART STRONGER! YOU CAN'T QUIT YET! YOU AIN'T EVEN BROKE A SWEAT! I EAT NOTHING BUT RYE GRASS AND SEED PODS. I CAN BENCH PRESS THREE HUNDRED POUNDS. EVERY MORNING I RUB SNOW ON MY CHEST AND JOG BACKWARDS FOR THREE MILES. COFFEE IS POISON. SUGAR IS POISON. WHITE BREAD IS POISON.

A young art student, wandering through the Bohemian Quarter, will need YOU'RE LOVELY! WHAT IS YOUR GENDER? and the young male lingerie salesman from St Louis, given to curious but harmless misdoings with big dogs, when taken to the country for a week end with some good family, will want to be able to say YOU NEEDN'T OPEN THE GUEST BEDROOM FOR ME. I CAN SLEEP OUTSIDE WITH ROVER.

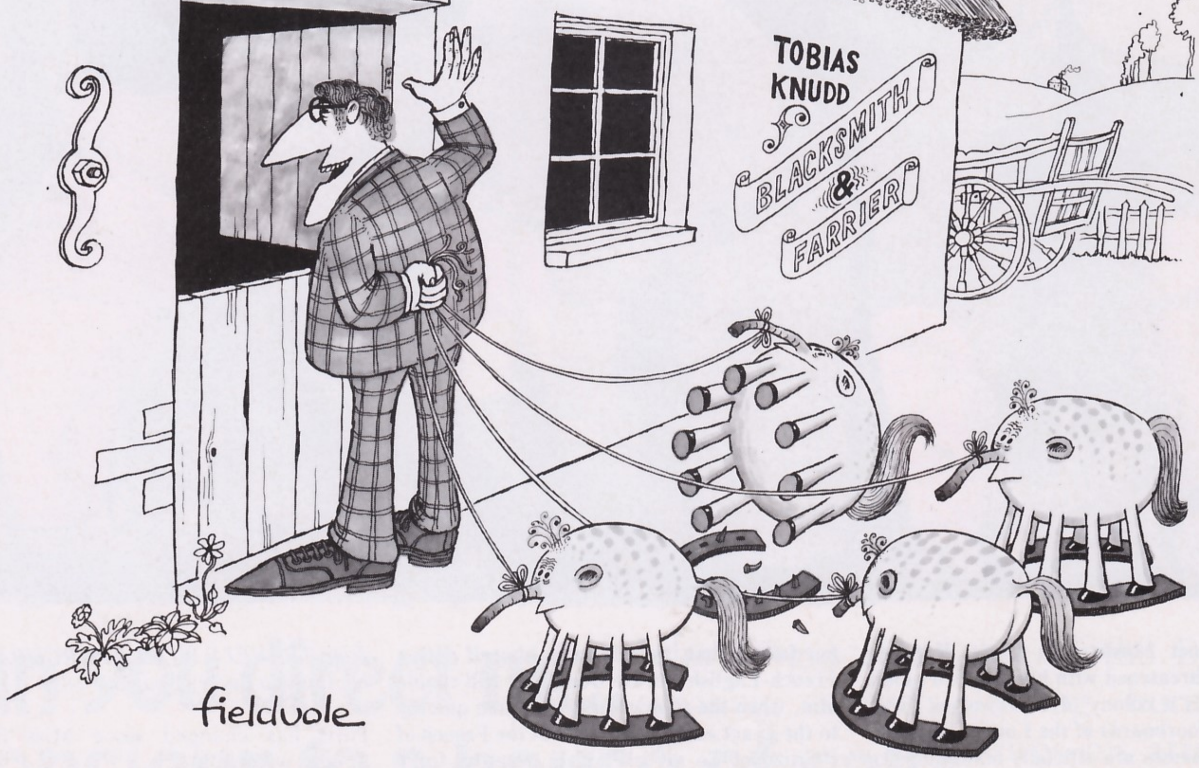
The physician, with a general practice in Denver, when asked to provide emergency treatment to save a man's life, will want to be able to say YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO LET HIM DIE! MY MALPRACTICE INSURANCE DOES NOT APPLY IN THIS COUNTRY.

A touring psychiatrist, when asked by a Frenchman to examine a swelling on his arm, will need I'M A CRAZY DOCTOR! WHAT YOU GOT IS BOILS!

Spies generally speak the language of the country to which they are assigned, but it is possible that a newly emerged nation, with an economy based on elephant ivory, and with a low budget for espionage, will be forced to hire an American who does not speak French to spy for them in Paris.

He may need to ask directions before he can dispose of his instructions. WHICH WAY TO THE PUBLIC INCINERATOR? Or he may

turn to page 82



'Blacksmith – are you the sort of chap who takes new, exciting problems in his stride?'

You've got 5 seconds to decide whether or not you fancy Anne Nightingale

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SANYO Cassette Stereo
Stereo
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The auto-search facility on this Sanyo FT 4400 car radio cassette will take you on an automatic whistlestop tour of the airwaves.

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That's because a remote control unit allows you to direct operations from a position right next to your steering wheel.

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And of course, all the time you'll be enjoying 7.5 watts per channel worth of pure, powerful sound.

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So why not get a Sanyo FT 4400 fitted soon.

It'll give your fascia a lift.

SANYO

Technology at your fingertips

Can you direct me, Monsieur?

continued from page 80

want to say I AM IN TOWN TO SUBORN THE MINISTER OF TOURISM. CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO HIS RESIDENCE? or I AM HERE TO PHOTOGRAPH THE NAVAL DEFENSES ALONG THE COASTAL PLAIN. DOES THIS ROAD TAKE ME TO DIEPPE? or a blatant CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO THE NEAREST MILITARY INSTALLATION?

Anyone who deals with waiters in France will have to be able to progress from I BELIEVE, MY MAN, THAT I AM DUE FIFTEEN HUNDRED FRANCS IN CHANGE to SEE HERE, YOU FLORAL SCENTED BRIGAND, YOU HAVE SHORT-CHANGED ME FIFTEEN HUNDRED FRANCS to GIVE ME MY CHANGE AT ONCE OR I SHALL RUN YOU THROUGH!

And what of the sadist who finds himself in a hotel room with a trussed-up masochist, but lacking certain paraphernalia? ROOM SERVICE? SEND UP A QUART OF MOLASSES AND AN ANT HILL.

Latent sandal wearers, with traces of the Choirmaster's Syndrome, when seeking out their fellows, will need to be able to tell the cab driver TAKE ME TO A YOUNG STEAM ROOM and the docile young man, anxious to be hired as foot slave to a dominant Amazon, will need I'M HERE TO REPLACE THE HOUSEBOY WHO ESCAPED LAST WEEK.

People with unusual occupations or distinctions will want to boast about them to Frenchmen they meet in bars. I AM THE WORLD'S OLDEST HORSE DOCTOR. I HAVE A GOOD LIKENESS OF W A MOZART TATTOOED ON MY BACK. I HOLD THE WORLD'S RECORD FOR EATING WATERMELON. I WAS ONCE BITTEN ON THE HIP BY A SMOKEY MOUNTAIN BLACK BEAR AND, AS A CONSEQUENCE, WEAR A FOAM RUBBER APPLIANCE WHEN DRESSED FOR THE EVENING. I ONCE FELL OUT OF AN AIRPLANE WITHOUT A PARACHUTE AND LIVED TO TELL THE TALE BECAUSE I LANDED IN A LARGE PILE OF RIPE FIGS. FIGS ARE GREAT FOR BREAKING AN UNFORTUNATE FALL.

The junkie, in need of a fix, will be obliged to address a stranger in the road and say I AM AN AMERICAN DRUG ADDICT. CAN YOU DIRECT ME TO A PURVEYOR OF OPIUM DERIVATIVES?

An American police officer, vacationing along the Riviera, accidentally witnesses a particularly savage murder. After apprehending the killer, he will want to say to him IF YOU WILL GIVE ME TEN DOLLARS IN SMALL BILLS, I WILL FORGET WE HAVE MET.

The tourist, who buys a used overcoat from a vendor in the Flea Market, takes it to his hotel and finds a severed human finger in the side pocket, will want to return to the vendor and say I WISH TO CALL YOUR ATTENTION TO SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

A man who works for a United States Government Agency, when asked by a Frenchman to explain what he does for a living, will need I INITIATE MEMORANDA and the Public Accountant from Waco, Texas, who visits a specialized *maison*, way down a back street, will need to be able to say to the *patron* I WANT TO BE TROD UPON BY A THREE HUNDRED POUND NEGRESS.

An Arkansas farmer, at the Paris Zoo, will want to turn to the Parisian standing next to him in the Monkey House and say THAT ONE WITH THE BLUE BOTTOM IS THE SPITTEN IMAGE OF MY WIFE'S SECOND COUSIN, ONCE REMOVED.

Another man, plagued by fantasy, will want to stop a police officer and whisper I AM BEING FOLLOWED BY A LARGE WATER SPRITE WHO IS EATING SPAGHETTI OUT OF A THERMOS. HE MEANS TO DO ME A CORPORAL HURT.

A Detroit cab driver, eager to impress a French gangster he meets in Marseilles, will want to say I AM A BIG SHOT IN THE TEAMSTERS UNION and a Southern sheriff, talking to a French sportsman about hunting water fowl, will need I REGULARLY TAKE DUCKS IN EXCESS OF THE DAILY BAG LIMIT.

The former college professor, fired by the University because of alcoholism, and now reduced to loitering in Paris tap rooms and mooching drinks, will need I WILL GRADE PAPERS IN EXCHANGE FOR A GLASS OF GOOD CHABLIS.

A music student, who seeks treatment for a venereal disease picked up in Paris, will need to be able to say I BELIEVE I GOT IT FROM TOUCHING A DOOR KNOB. EITHER THAT, OR FROM PICKING WILD FLOWERS ALONG THE AVENUE GENERAL PERSHING.

An American eccentric, well known in Chicago for his campaign to put pants on horses, may want to stop a man cantering through the *bois* and say to him YOUR HORSE'S GENITALS, SIR, ARE A DISGRACE! I DEMAND THAT YOU RETURN TO THE STABLES AND HAVE HIM FIT FOR A PAIR OF SAILCLOTH BRITCHES!

A football coach from the South-eastern Conference, upon being seated at a table in Paris' most exclusive restaurant, will tuck the napkin into his collar and then need to say to the waiter BRING ME YOUR REGULAR PLATE LUNCH, A MEAT, THREE VEGETABLES AND A BOTTLE OF JAX BEER.

The bearded rascal, wearing a beret, dirty blue jeans and sandals, will want to tell the desk clerk at the Ritz I AM A FAMOUS AMERICAN POET! MY POEMS HAVE APPEARED IN *SNIT*, *WEEPING RAG* AND *TAR BABY*! HOW DARE YOU ASK IF I CAN PAY!

American evangelists will need to be able to ask for love offerings of bank notes and jewels and a Boston Irishman, seeing crowds enter the Ballet, will need THAT STUFF'S FOR SISSIES!

A transvestite, a flamboyantly chic sight in Memphis, enters a Paris bar dressed in high fashion and is ignored by the bar tender. He will want to say, either, BACK HOME I AM A FAMOUS DRAG QUEEN or WHO DOES A GIRL HAVE TO SCREW AROUND HERE TO GET A DRINK?

Psychopaths will need YOU DON'T LIKE ME, DO YOU? WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE THAT? I HEAR VOICES CALLING ME TO ACTS OF VIOLENCE and I'D LIKE TO SET THIS WHOLE TOWN AFIRE!

A clergyman from Tulsa will need I AM LOOKING FOR EITHER A WHIPPING PARLOUR OR A PLACE THAT SELLS AMERICAN ROOT BEER IN FROSTED MUGS.

The businessman from Omaha, who committed the perfect crime, will, in time, be driven to boast about it. I KNOW THE WHEREABOUTS OF DR WILLIAMS. I PUT HIS BODY IN THE CONCRETE BATCHING PLANT AND NOW HE'S PART OF THE HIGH STREET SEAWALL.

An old lady, a well known cat poisoner in Little Rock, gets the urge to poison a few in Paris and will need to tell her supplier I WANT A QUARTER POUND OF YOUR BEST ARSENIC AND ENOUGH GROUND BEEF TO MAKE IT UP INTO FIFTEEN PILLS THE SIZE OF GOLF BALLS.

The fallen graduate of some good school in the South, once a promising Divine, but now reduced to breaking into expensive luggage, stealing and pawning the valuables, when taken in the act will want to be able to explain AS ONE GENTLEMAN TO ANOTHER, I AM AFRAID I HAVE INADVERTENTLY FORCED THE LOCK ON YOUR VALISE.

And finally, the pert young stenographer from Atlanta, when asked by a Frenchman to perform an unnatural act upon him, will want to say THAT AIN'T MY BAG, PIERRE. I WON'T EVEN GO DOWN ON AN ELEVATOR!

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6
6
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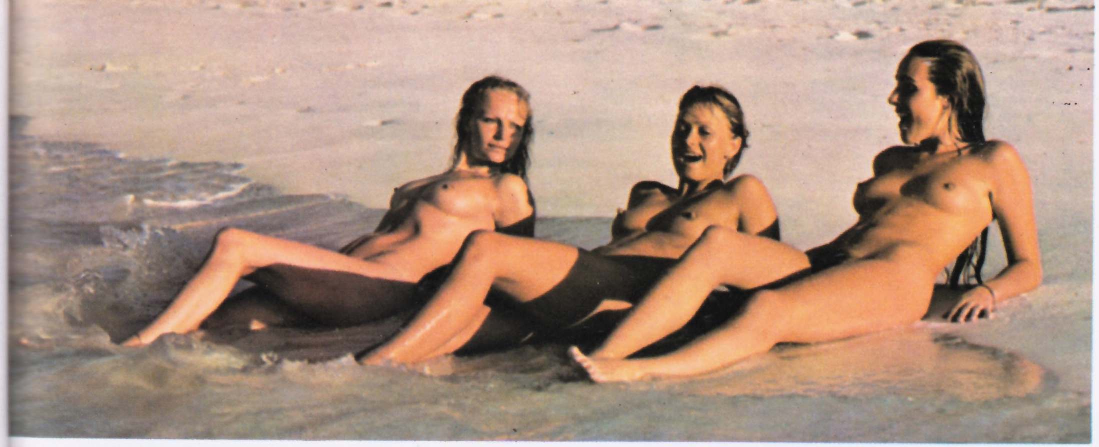
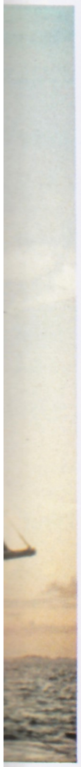
The Beach Party

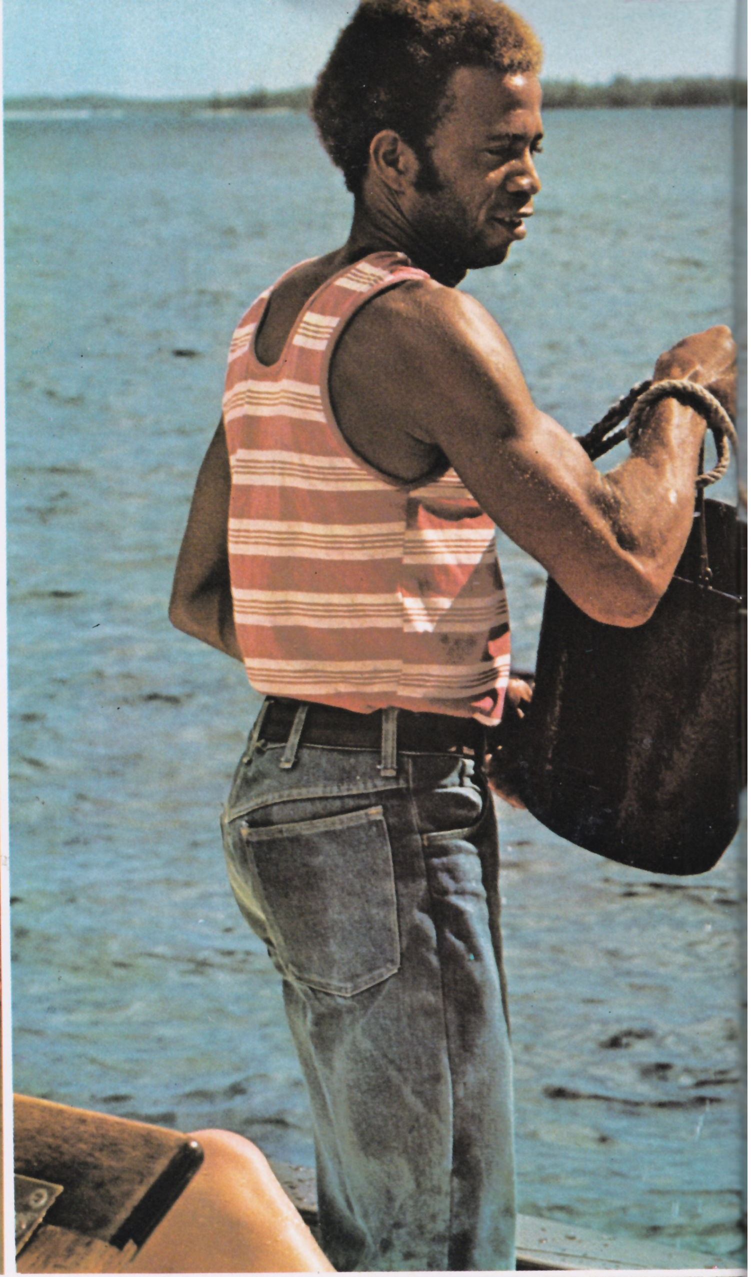
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

It started around late afternoon and must have lasted for at least twelve hours – nobody really remembers, but dawn was breaking as people drifted away or drifted off to sleep. Like all good parties the Caribbean Beach Party was spontaneous. Photographer Siwer Ohlsson started filming early on the day of the party – it's cooler shooting in the early morning – but he carried on working through the heat of the day with Marion (Vol 14 No 7) and Alison (Vol 14 No 8). By mid-afternoon the girls were tiring and getting thirsty, so after an impromptu unofficial union meeting they downed tools, so to speak, and cracked open the bottles of white rum, leaving Siwer with a half-used film. But Siwer quickly joined in the fun and before long the sound of laughter wafted across to the neighbouring bay where it reached the ears of another gathering also enjoying the combination of sun, wine and women – the difference being that the revelry in the neighbouring bay was





on board a magnificent sixty foot motor sailer. Up came the anchor; up went the sails, and before any stray landlubbers could be avasted the sleek hull gently scudded into the previously private domain of Ohlsson & Co. What an intrusion! An Englishman's home is his castle. But this was not England and after all Mr Ohlsson is hardly English. So with the warmth of the Caribbean's late afternoon sun, the warmth of the distilled sugar cane plus the warmth of eight suitably attired girls, warm, affectionate friendships were quickly forged. The nefarious activities took a turn for the nautical with the bevy of seagoing beauties introducing our beach-bound girls to lanyards, halyards, jibs, mains and mizzens. It was hot work and so were the improvised beach games. So naturally the girls indulged in one of life's greatest pleasures – to bask naked in the crystal clear surf of a warm ocean. They felt as free as the fishes around them and the water rushed and eddied over every inch of their bodies finding its way into every nook and cranny. It required the combined wills of Siwer and his new-found seafaring friends to coax these eight frolicking lovelies back onto terra firma. After all, Siwer still had a couple of frames left in his camera. And if it wasn't for the half-used film this unplanned Caribbean Beach Party would never have been permanently etched onto celluloid. It would have been nothing more than warm and very happy memories.



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High performance. Low running costs. They're only part of the Sigma's stunning success. Important features include a 5-speed gearbox, electronic ignition, luxury interior and tinted glass. Add to these a 5-coat body finish, with anti-chip primer, and you get some idea of the care which Mitsubishi lavish on the Sigma.

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' Prices and specifications correct at time of going to press.

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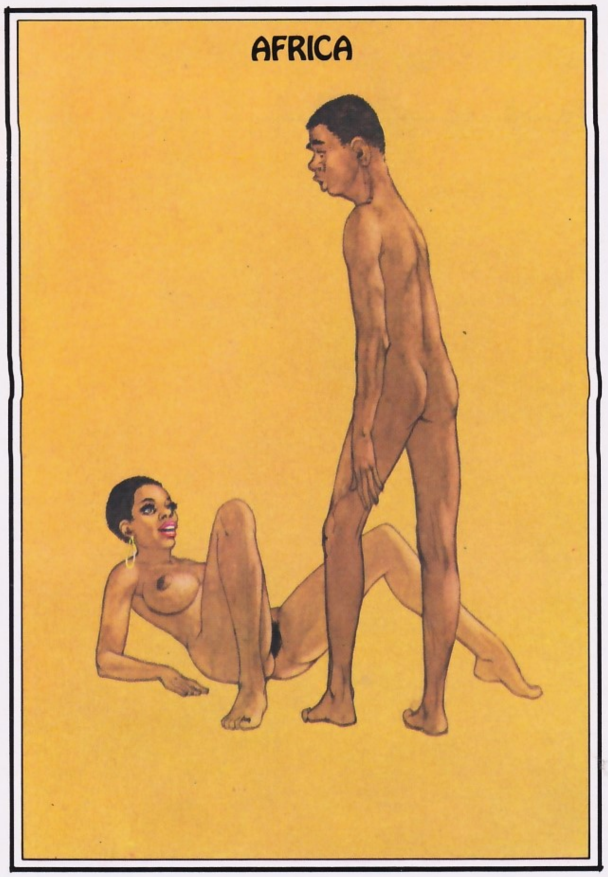
'I still don't see why tomorrow's darts match prevents us . . .'

LOOK HOW THE NATIONS UNITE...

Brian Forbes, speaking his own brand of Sexperanto, takes us round the world in less than eighty lays



'New? Ain't you never heard of de famous missionary position?'

'But nobody does it with only one *any more.'*

FRANCE
FRENCH LESSONS

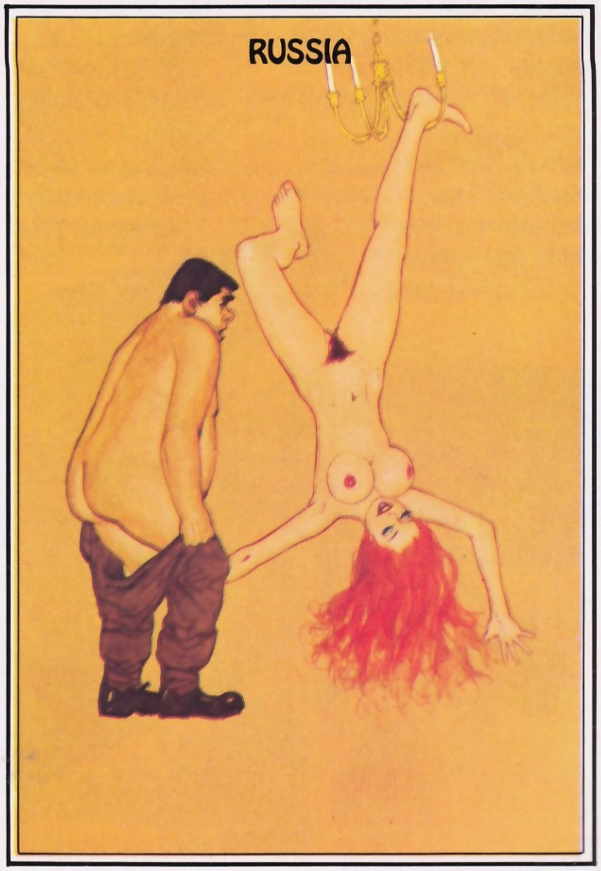
'Bon Monsieur, and after sixty-eight comes . . .'

'Serves you right, Boris, charging with your eyes closed.'

'So it's the famous double-humped camel position – now what?'

'Trust me, Maria, it looks much worse than it will be.'

'More! More! Mein Helga. I want more!'



'Is this what those decadent capitalists taught you?'

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The Lolita Waltz

continued from page 35

his hand upon my shoulder and turning me round to look.

One of the 'nymphets' had left her partner and got up on a table, where she seemed about to do an impromptu strip. She was a slim redhead, long-legged, high cheekboned, with unpainted lips, a shiny face, and her dark red hair was wound in a coil around the back of her head. She was probably one of those women who somehow managed to look like schoolgirls right into their forties and then like hospital matrons. Her mouth was wide, and when she smiled she showed white but somewhat overlarge teeth – and a tongue that flicked her lips like a snake's. She was like Eve and the serpent rolled into one, the supreme temptress for the navy knicker fan. I repeated the joke for Charles, but he'd already gone off in pursuit of Trace. I wished him luck.

The redhead had unbuttoned her blouse now, and while Elkie Brooks on the stereo was doing her famous impersonation of Pearl, she was unfastening the waist of her skirt. It dropped to the table. Christ, there ought to have been a law, I told myself. It was one of the most erotic things I'd ever seen. She was gyrating now on the table, small breasts held out like an offertory in a white, scallop-edged bra, her stockings held up at mid-thigh by ribbon garters tied in bows, and her hands clasped in a parody of coyness in front of her knickers.

Then the bra and knickers came off, leaving just the gartered stockings and the felt school hat. When she finished, we clapped. Lucien said, 'Very pretty, Gerda. Now would you mind getting dressed again and giving out the ice-lollies?'

Gerda. And whose little toy was she? Lucien's? A boyish girl might be his style, I supposed. But what a perfect partner for the navy knickers game. If she was Lucien's, I envied him.

Gerda gave out the ice lollies but she didn't get dressed. Lucien looked annoyed but didn't comment. 'Have a lolly,' said Gerda, standing unabashedly naked in front of me, breasts tiny-nippled, belly delicately fleeced with a neat patch of Titian-coloured curls. My God, what I'd have given to see her with a hockey stick! 'Go on,' she encouraged, offering the lollies again, 'nobody's going to think you're queer!'

'Queer?' And then I saw what she meant. The lollies were made in the shape of an erect penis.

'I'll tell you what I'll do if you're worried . . .' And she picked up one of the lollies and made as if to rub it against her sex. It didn't actually make contact with the momentarily exposed labia and clitoris, and I found myself disappointed that it hadn't. No doubt it showed. She laughed as I took the lolly from her. Then she took one herself and fellated it with exaggerated lasciviousness.

When Charles took his, there was a gleam in his eye. He waited till Gerda turned her back – then he whipped the end of the lolly sharply between the cheeks of her bottom and made a big pantomime of sucking the end that had tickled her rear. Gerda spun around and stuck out her tongue. It was the gesture of a real nymphet and everybody laughed. Trace, to my surprise, joined in the laughter and pretended to punch Charles in the chest. Lucien still looked annoyed. 'Someone,' he said, 'ought to have her little bottom smacked.' Gerda blew him a raspberry and we laughed again.

By now, the party was going well and so, I could see, was Charles with my lovely Trace. Was this going to be the night when she would finally capitulate to the permissive society? Judging by the way he had his hand in the front of her blouse, it looked as though it might be. Trace was wearing no bra.

'Gooseberry!' hissed Lucien suddenly beside me. 'Leave her alone and let her enjoy herself.'

'She's pissed,' I said.

'Aren't we all?' said Lucien. 'There was a lot of gin in those lollies, you know.' Then the music changed again and Lucien held up his hands for attention. 'Come on, everybody,' he said. 'Take your partners for the Lolita Waltz!'

'What's the Lolita Waltz?' I said to nobody in particular.

'Would you like me to show you?' It was Gerda. She was dressed again, after a fashion, the tails of her blouse now tied underneath her breasts, the nipples showing like flattened pink pips through the thin stuff. The St Trinian's hat was still perched on her head.

The Lolita Waltz, I was soon to discover, was a rather naughty dance. Its principal feature was an erotic deep-dip, in which the man thrust one leg between his partner's while bending the other knee so that the girl slid down the extended leg like sliding down the banisters. Inevitably, Gerda's crotch was rubbing against my thigh every time, and the eyes-closed, slack-lipped, sloppy grin on her face spoke volumes about the sensations it was giving her. 'Enjoying yourself?' I said.

She nodded, and we dipped again.

'You?'

'Of course.' We dipped once more, and this time she gave a sharp little gasp through her teeth and grasped my leg between her thighs. When eventually we straightened, she gave a shame-faced little grin. 'Sorry about that,' she said. 'But actually I didn't put my knickers back on. I hope you don't mind.'

'I'd rather guessed as much,' I said.

'And now I've made a big damp patch on your Humbert-Humbert trousers.'

She had. 'Yes, and everyone will know our little secret.'

'I've got a lot of secrets,' she said.

'Little girls always have.'

'Not that little.'

I looked her up and down with a deliberately licking glance, then grinned. 'No, not so very little,' (she was almost as tall as me) 'but it's fun to pretend. It was a clever idea of Lucien's, this schoolgirls thing, especially if . . . I think most men have this secret thing about adolescent girls, don't you?'

'Most people like to make-believe.'

'And you?'

'I never make-believe.'

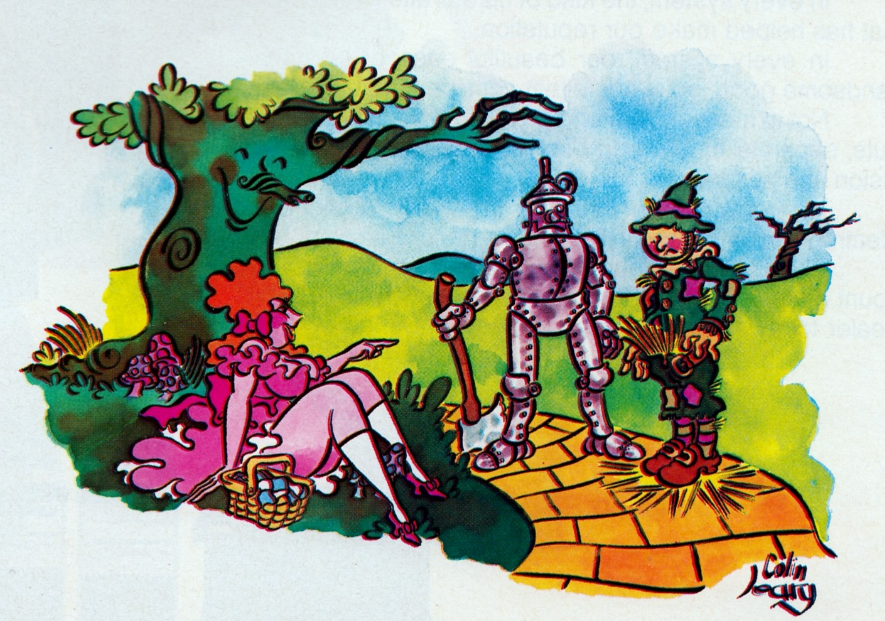
Looking her up and down again, there really was something very girlish about her; the high shiny cheekbones, the unpainted lips, the almost adolescent candour in the impish brown eyes. Her fingers parted the buttons of my shirt and played a teasing half-innocent game with the hair on my chest. 'Come on, daddy,' she said. 'Aren't you dying to offer me a lick of your lollipop?' Her tongue made a lick at the air which set me truncheon-rigid like the throw of a flick-knife.

I decided to play her game. 'Do you like lollipops, little girl?'

Pursed lips and a nod of the head.

'I've got a very special one.'

turn to page 98



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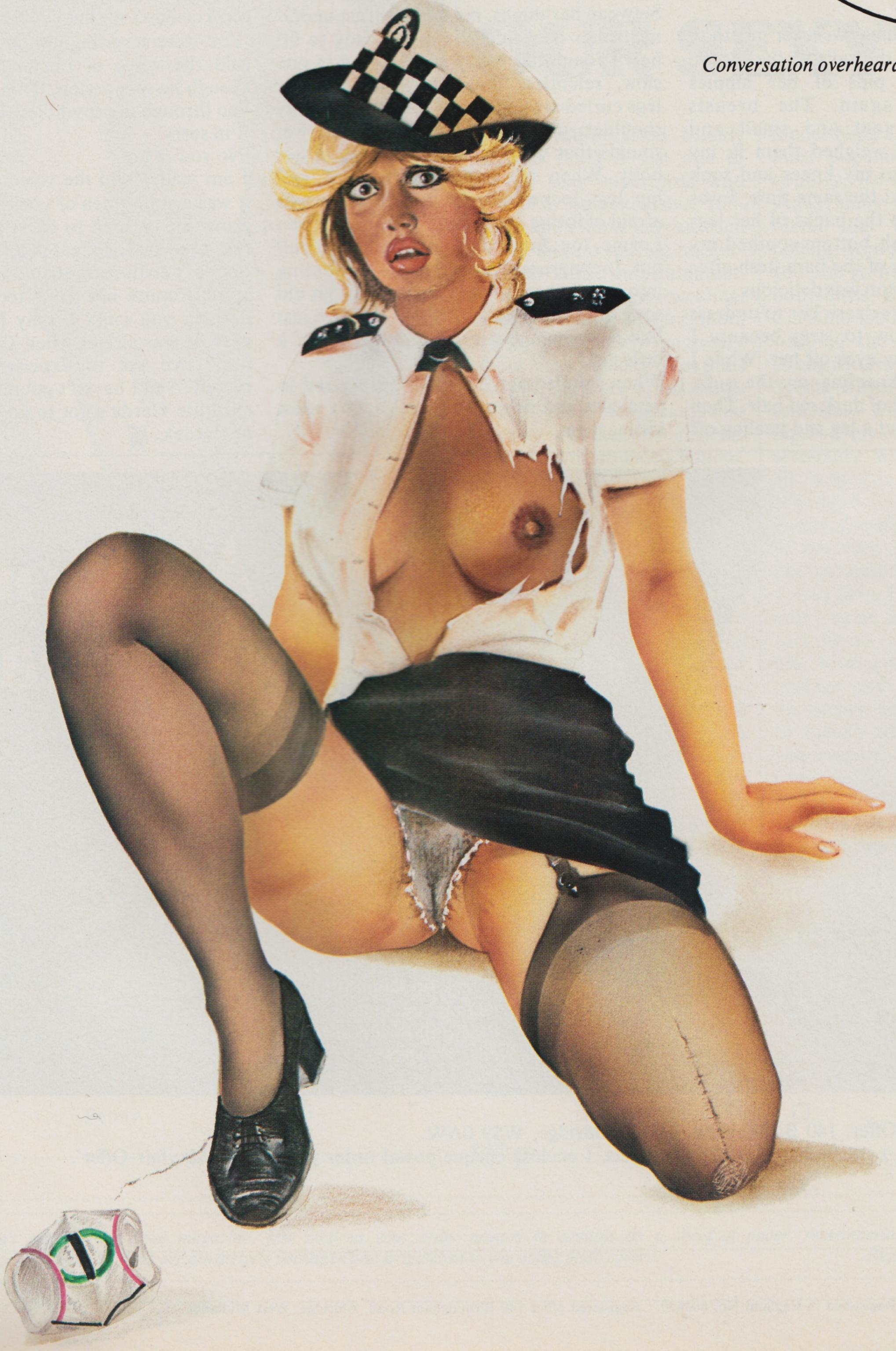

I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS ABOUT WOMEN IN UNIFORMS BUT THEY REALLY GET ME GOING. DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN THAT LOVELY LITTLE COPPER SLIPPED AT THE DEMO THAT TIME AND WE WERE LOOKING RIGHT UP HER SKIRT? TALKABOUT A FAIR COP...

Conversation overheard in a Leicester pub

The Lolita Waltz

continued from page 95

'And I know just the place.' She wasn't using the little girl's voice any more.

She must have known the house well, because she led me up its stairs and through its passageways without looking back and without hesitation. Finally, we were in what seemed to be some kind of dressing room, with dark panelled walls and no window. There was an old sofa along one wall and a worn carpet on the floor.

'I'll bet you didn't know we had a priest-hole,' she said.

We? Could she really be Lucien's? It had never occurred to me that Lucien might have a mistress; but she certainly knew her way around the house like she belonged there.

'Do you have something sweet for me, too?' I said. I unknotted the tails of the blouse and the flattened pips of her nipples became nipples again. The breasts themselves were neat and small and perfectly shaped. I weighed them in my fingers, then sank to my knees and took one in my mouth. At the same time, I was sliding my hands up the backs of her legs until the slim, boyish bottom soothed my palms. The coolness of the bare flesh after the friction of the nylon was delicious.

Eventually, I had to release her to undress myself, but was slow to strip because I could hardly take my eyes off her. While I stripped, she was kneeling on the sofa, letting down the coil of dark red hair. Then she was stretching out a leg and peeling off a stocking. She did it with the mocking air of a professional stripper.

I finally wriggled my erection clear of my underpants. 'Is that little Gerda's lollipop?' she said. It was the little girl's voice again.

Her mouth was strangely naive and experienced at one and the same time; like a girl who'd learned to enjoy sucking men, but – maybe selfishly – had never learned to do it well. Her tongue described exquisite spiralling caresses, but her teeth seemed somehow to find all the most delicate places. The softness of her hair, though, made up for the teeth.

And suddenly it wasn't enough. The need to have her was imperative. I pushed her mouth away, pushed her back on the sofa, my knees on the floor, and shoved myself between her thighs, my hands thrust underneath her backside like rams ready to lift her. I found her easily and entered in one slow, relentless, lingering invasion. Her legs curled around me. Her teeth found my shoulder, using it to muffle the wild wet sounds that went with the strivings of her body. When she came, she bit hard, and her legs locked around me as if she was afraid of losing me before it was over. Then I came, too, forgetting my intention to pull out. Incongruously, even as I was shooting into her, I found myself thinking of an old song of Bob Dylan's – 'She makes love just like a woman, but she breaks just like a little girl.'

When I pulled out, her inner lips looked so petal-like and delicate that I couldn't resist kissing them.

Dressed again, we sneaked back down to the party like a pair of guilty children. We didn't seem to have been missed. I saw Charles had Trace pushed into a corner, where he might or might not have been screwing her standing up. It was impossible to see. Gerda, though, seemed distracted. Lucien had disappeared.

'Do you think he might be ill?' I said. Suddenly I remembered his looks of annoyance at Gerda's antics earlier in the night, and I began to feel worried too. 'I'd better look for him,' said Gerda.

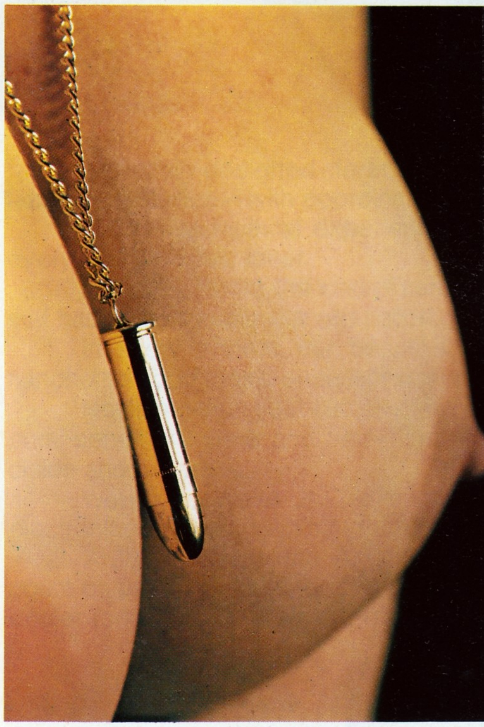
I followed her without being invited. Again she didn't look back. Again she seemed to know exactly where she was going. There was a half-open door, and she pushed through it, only partly closing it behind her. I couldn't see but I could hear.

'You were screwing him in the priesthole,' said the voice of Lucien. It sounded as though he was crying. 'Don't deny it, I saw you through the spy-hole.'

'I'm sorry.'

'No you're not.'

'I am really,' said the voice of Gerda. 'And it was a super idea of yours to get all these grown-up women to dress like me. It was fun. Like hiding a leaf in a forest. I was just one sexy sixth-former among many. I know I did promise not to go too far but Lucy, darling, you can't be my big brother for ever. It was alright when I was six but not now. I've got to experience things for myself. And I haven't got much time. After all, little Gerda's got to go back to school next week.'



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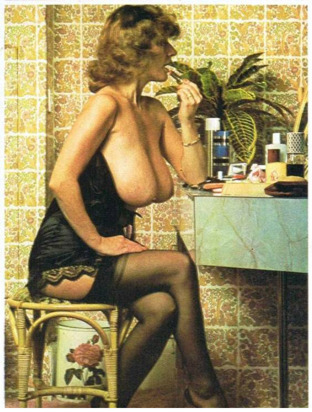
M149

Pat Wynn

the lure of the mature woman

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON



For as long as *Mayfair* has been published there has been one constant recurring factor in our readers' letters: why, oh why, do we not celebrate the nude delights of the mature woman?

Well, we did feature 36-year-old June Palmer (Vol 12 No 11) and 34-year-old Annie Walker (Vol 11 No 10), but the demand was soon as vociferous as before.

So, for the first time ever, *Mayfair* has persuaded a fulsome 40-year-old to undress. She is 5 feet 5 inch, 40-26-36 inch Pat Wynn.

A south London housewife, Pat is married to a managing director, with two young sons. 'Modelling is really just a job I can fit in part-time,' she says. Not that public exposure is something new to Pat. For many years she worked as a publicist at Shepperton and Twickenham studios, meeting celebrities like Michael Caine, Kim Novak and Tony Curtis – 'one of my favourites,' she says. 'He had an obsession with old cars.' Meanwhile she listens to opera, walks the dog and cares for her family.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eleven

Open air sex has its own appeal for many couples. Its attraction lies in the freedom feel of the open air; for others it is the elemental feel of being at one with nature; and for some it is the added spice of being daring, of chance discovery. This month Quest talks to three people – two women and a man – and listens to their accounts of love 'alfresco'.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Shop assistant, blonde, single, aged 22, town of origin Loughborough**

This interviewee, a quiet, rather shy girl, left school at 16 and has worked locally ever since. She still lives with her parents.

Quest: According to you, you're a shy retiring person, yet judging by what you've been telling me about your recent holiday, exactly the opposite would seem to be the case.

Shop assistant: Yes, it's funny isn't it, but I think holidays away tend to bring people out of themselves. It's such a different atmosphere and you're with people you'll probably never see again, so you can let your hair down a bit.

Quest: When we were chatting before beginning this interview, you kept talking about someone called Paul. Was this a boyfriend you went away with or someone you met while away?

Shop assistant: I met him out there. My parents would never have allowed me to go away with a boy. They weren't that happy about me going to Spain! I went with a girlfriend of mine called Carol. I've known her since I was at school. She can be a bit wicked, but she's great fun to be with.

Quest: What do you mean by wicked?

Shop assistant: Well she's a bit of a one for the boys, if you know what I mean. In our crowd at school she was the first one to have sex. She works in this boutique and always wears these sexy outfits. I'd get the sack if I turned up for work in some of the things she wears.

Quest: You sound slightly jealous.

Shop assistant: I used to be, from time to time. I mean she tended to be the one with the dishiest boyfriend whenever our crowd went out. But, I really liked her a lot. On our first night away, she lent me one of her dresses which I thought was very nice of her.

Quest: Was this dress particularly sexy or revealing?

Shop assistant: I suppose it was quite low-cut and clingy, but Carol said we had to find a couple of men on our first night to keep us busy for the next two weeks. We were in Torremolinos and there were lots of English boys about – which was just as well as I didn't fancy the locals much.

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Quest: Did you find what you were looking for?

Shop assistant: Yes. We went to this disco in town after dinner and almost from the moment we walked in, Carol sort of made a bee-line for this guy. He was called Wayne and she was giggling and wiggling all over him. He was with a boy called Paul, so the four of us teamed up. It was a bit awkward at first, because as Carol and Wayne were all over each other we were more or less thrown together. Luckily we did seem to get on though. He was a lot quieter than Wayne and that somehow made him seem more sophisticated.

Quest: How did things progress?

Shop assistant: Well the first night we just had a good time. I could tell though that it was just a matter of time before Carol and Wayne started doing things.

Quest: What about you and Paul?

Shop assistant: I wouldn't have said no.

Quest: So when did things start happening?

Shop assistant: On the second night. I know that must sound terrible, but I didn't really have any choice. That evening we met after dinner and then Carol asked the boys up to our room for a drink. We had our duty-frees, you see. We all sat out on the balcony nattering and then after a while, Carol and Wayne disappeared. Judging by the noises coming from inside, it was obvious what they were doing, so we just stayed outside and left them to it. After a while though it got so embarrassing sitting there and listening to them that I suggested going back with Paul to the room he had with Wayne to wait. He agreed, so we tiptoed through the bedroom and out. They didn't notice. I don't think they'd have noticed if the hotel had caught fire. When we got to the boys' room, we had another drink and then I asked Paul if I could have a shower. I said it was because I was hot, but really I wanted to try and sober up a bit because we'd drunk an awful lot and I was a bit tiddled.

Quest: Are you trying to say you didn't know what you were doing?

Shop assistant: Oh no, it wasn't that bad. I mean it was fairly obvious something was going to happen and I just wanted to have my wits about me.

Quest: You'd decided to go to bed with Paul?

Shop assistant: Yes, we'd been kissing and cuddling and I thought he was nice. I'm on the pill and everything and besides, that's all part and parcel of a holiday, isn't it, a quick romance. I came back from the bathroom with just a towel wrapped round me to find Paul already in bed. I sat down beside him and we began sort of kissing and touching each other. In the end, it all happened rather quickly. It was a bit disappointing, I don't know what I expected, but I think the surroundings and the wine and everything made me feel soppy and romantic, but Paul just pulled the towel away and climbed on top of me. He was holding his thingy and trying to push it in, but that hurt a bit, so I started wriggling to try and get away, but that only made him push harder. Then he groaned and slumped down on top of me and there it was all over my thighs and tummy. So much for romantic and tender love-making.

Quest: Did you spend the rest of the night with him?

Shop assistant: Well I didn't have any option, did I?

Quest: What happened in the morning?

Shop assistant: Paul fell asleep pretty soon after he'd come and I suppose I must have dozed off too, because the next thing I knew was Carol and Wayne bursting in next morning. We must have looked rather sheepish, because they took it all as a big joke. As I was getting dressed, I could see Wayne and Paul talking to each other and it was obvious what they were talking about. It made me feel really cheap and easy, you know, to see them comparing notes.

Quest: So things were a bit strained?

Shop assistant: At first, but after breakfast by the time we'd got onto the beach Paul had started being very attentive and nobody was talking about what had gone on, so it was all largely forgotten.

Quest: Presumably Carol wanted your side of the story as to what had gone on?

Shop assistant: Oh yes, she wanted to hear all about it after I'd had a minute-by-minute description of *her* exploits.

Quest: Did you admit that your evening had been rather less than successful?

Shop assistant: I couldn't, could I? Pride doesn't let you admit that sort of thing to your friends. Talking to you is different, isn't it?

Quest: I suppose it is. Did this first sexual encounter set the pattern for subsequent nights?

Shop assistant: Yes. By the end of the first week, Wayne had virtually moved in with Carol and I was lumbered with Paul. Actually that's a bit unkind because we definitely improved. You know, sexually. I suppose he was just suffering from nerves the first time. I mean he wasn't great, but he made me come. It was awkward, because after each time he'd ask if I'd really enjoyed it so I used to say the right things just to keep him happy. I couldn't say no, could I?

Quest: But things improved dramatically at the beginning of the second week of your holiday, didn't they?

Shop assistant: Dramatically is the right word. On the Monday we went on this boat trip and that's my best memory of the whole holiday.

Quest: Why is that?

Shop assistant: It was all so perfect. The trip was organised by the tour's courier. The boat held about twenty people and we left early in the morning. Most of the people on board seemed to be middle-aged and at first we thought it was going to be a bore, but as it turned out, we had plenty of time on our own.

Quest: And you took advantage of it?

Shop assistant: It just happened really. Wayne and Carol were supposed to come with us, but Carol got quite badly sunburned the day before, so they stayed behind. The boat went down the coast and stopped in a little cove just outside this town at lunchtime. We had a picnic on the beach and then some people went swimming while others walked into the town. We were told that the boat would leave at four, which gave us about three hours. Paul suggested that we went further down the beach round behind some rocks where we could swim and get an all-over suntan.

Quest: You mean nude sunbathing?

Shop assistant: Yes. I wasn't keen at first, but when I thought about it, it was no different to being in the bedroom with nothing on. Or so I thought.

Quest: You found it different?

Shop assistant: It made me feel so sexy. We walked for what seemed like miles, clambering over rocks, and we found this tiny little inlet. Paul stripped off straight away and ran into the water. He was standing there shouting at me to join him. I went in wearing my bikini, but as we were splashing and fooling around, the straps kept slipping so I took the top off. Then Paul dived under the water and swam round behind me and pulled my knickers down. I tried to run away, but ended up falling over. The water was a bit chilly and it made my nipples go all hard and tingly. Paul could see this and he put his hands over my boobs. We were kneeling in the water kissing and I could feel his thingy growing harder and pushing against my tummy.

Quest: So you made love in the water?

Shop assistant: No. I was feeling a bit flirty, so I jumped up and said he'd have to catch me first. I started running up the beach and Paul caught me in a sort of rugby tackle. We both ended up rolling in the sand. I thought it was going to be a repeat of that first night when he was so quick, but he sort of propped himself up on one elbow and looked down at me. I was awful. I just lay back with my arms behind my head daring him to go on. He started running his fingers all over my tummy and down into my pubes. Then he was brushing the sand off my nipples and licking them. He said they tasted salty. I started to stroke his thing, which was really stiff and hard. It was so sexy – such a contrast to all our other nights together. I was practically begging him to put it in, but he was just kneeling astride me, gently rubbing his knob between my legs. I kept arching my back up to meet him and help him put it in, but each time I did that, he just smiled and said he was going to make me wait. Finally, he slipped it in and I came almost immediately I was so turned on. I'd hardly had a chance to recover when he began to pump it in and out very quickly as he built up to his own climax. I remember feeling the sand rubbing against my bottom as he pushed harder and harder and then there was this hot flood inside me and that made me come again.

Quest: This was your first experience of sex in the open air?

Shop assistant: Yes it was.

Quest: And have you repeated it?

Shop assistant: No. We didn't get another chance on the holiday and I don't think I'd want to do it round home in case anybody saw. I mean it was different on holiday

ADVERTISEMENT

Impotence - Doctors Report

In recent years statistics have shown an alarming increase in the number of men *of all ages* who admit to the depressing prospect that they are partially or totally impotent (in other words they are unable to obtain or maintain a full penile erection). In our present society loss of sexual capacity can and does strike men of all ages.

In the past there was little that could be done to relieve this frightening condition. Many sufferers in desperation were forced to resort to unorthodox *quack* cures which proved scientifically ineffective. However doctors now report that there is a simple and effective way for men to regain their potency, which has been subjected successfully to modern scientific tests (writes a Medical Correspondent).

Stress and strain

Many reasons have been put forward to explain the condition known as partial impotence. Stress, tension and modern pressures all undoubtedly have an effect on sexual performance. Too little exercise, too much alcohol, too many cigarettes – all contribute to lowering the overall efficiency of the body and so help impotence to gain a hold.

Once it does, many men try to put the idea to the back of their minds, or to pretend that it is 'normal' at their age. Ashamed of what their friends might say if they knew, too embarrassed to seek medical advice, they hope it is just a passing phase, something that will somehow, given time, right itself. But all too often a psychological block sets in, and rather than get better the condition gets worse.

Eventually the sufferer comes to convince himself that the inability to get an erection – or at best to get only a partial one – is something that has to be accepted and lived with. However the idea that any healthy man must put up with reduced sexual vigour and loss of erectile capacity is simply not true.

New findings

Recent medical investigations have shown that an aid called the Blakoe Energising Ring can restore full capacity and greatly increase rigidity of erection in men with impotence problems.

The Ring is worn around the penis and scrotum and by generating a minute electrical current produces an energising effect on the sexual organ, improving blood flow through the genitals and enhancing erectile capacity.

Reports in medical journals

Results of medical investigations into the Blakoe Energising Ring have already led to publication of reports in medical journals testifying to its efficiency under medically observed conditions.

A report in "Medical Digest" by a General Practitioner describes the successful treatment of patients with the Blakoe Energising Ring with very encouraging results. Consider the three examples which he quotes.

One patient was a fit and active 60-year old who found that after wearing the Blakoe Energising Ring for only three weeks his erections had become 40 to 50 per cent more rigid and his frequency of intercourse had increased from 3 to 4 per month to 8 per month. There was also a definite increase in muscle tone and penile dimensions.

Enthusiastic wife

A second patient, himself a doctor, complained that he could no longer get a really firm and first class erection of the sort he had been used to. Injections of male hormones had been no help, but within three weeks of using the Blakoe Energising Ring he reported erections as good as ever they had been in his youth. His wife testified to this most enthusiastically. He also noticed an improved feeling of well-being, increased physical stamina and that the physical dimensions of the penis were greater and its tone was improved.

In ten days

A third patient – a man of 59 – found his penis would never become more than semi-stiff, despite the definite sexual attraction of his wife. With the correct sized Blakoe Energising Ring he noticed a distinct difference within ten days.

Erections became as good as they had ever been in his most active youth, and after two months use he had forgotten he ever suffered from impotence.

A specialist's report

Writing in the British Journal of Psychiatry and the medical publication "On Call", a specialist with a particular interest in sexual difficulties reported trials of the Blakoe Energising Ring in thirty men suffering from impotence. Many of them had undergone previous treatment – including hormones – without benefit.

These patients with an average age of 35 took part in specially designed controlled clinical trials. Assessment of the result was made using a sexual rating scale (usually used for drugs). At the end of the trials the doctor declared that the Blakoe Energising Ring had a statistically significant effect in overcoming impotence. In lay terms this means that the device could be considered a medically acceptable treatment for impotence.

Robert Chartham: Impressive results

Dr. Robert Chartham, PhD., the world-renowned expert on sexual problems, tested the Blakoe Energising Ring on a number of particularly difficult cases of impotence which he was treating. In his report he states: 'In my view the energising properties are remarkable, and I would have no hesitation in recommending the Blakoe Ring to young and middle-aged men. For elderly men, it is a boon. Nowadays I would not dream of having a day in London, or undertaking an unusually heavy physical task without wearing mine'.

Five of the men he treated reported that within three weeks they could obtain and hold a firm erection during intercourse while wearing the Ring, and soon after they could achieve the same firmness without the assistance of the Ring.

Dr. Chartham also maintained that the electrical effect was an important aspect of the Energiser.

In addition to these Doctors' reports, readers will find the following testimonials interesting, thousands of which have been received during the 45 years that the Blakoe Energising Ring has been available.

. . . I must say the energising ring is fantastic. I find it comfortable to wear, and it really does work . . . I must give full marks to the 'energiser' it makes one ready at a moment's notice . . . *From a Physician M.B., Ch.B.*

. . . Three weeks ago I received an energiser . . . I am absolutely thrilled at the effects produced by it in so short a time, both in respect of my Urinary system, general well-being and of erection, which, from being almost non-existent is now firm and strong, with intercourse resumed after many months of enforced abstinence . . . *Mr. V. Scotland*

I have been wearing the Energiser . . . also noticed a decided benefit and improvement. I have just celebrated my 70th birthday and regret that I did not know of this discovery 20 years ago . . . *Mr. C Italy*

. . . I purchased 3 weeks ago a Blakoe Energising Ring and I just had to write this letter of appreciation to you to express my thanks for such a marvellous appliance. I wear it always and I do not know I have it on due to the comfort, but I certainly know I have it on for the results it gives . . . *Mr. B. Manchester*

. . . As far as I am concerned the results have been extraordinary. For nearly two years I had been, with highly qualified medical advice, taking various drugs, injections, etc. in an attempt to cure my near impotence. The effect, if any, was not to me noticeable. In some desperation I ordered your ring and the results were immediate, to my great astonishment and pleasure. *Mr. W. Wilts.*

. . . I was very impressed in the energising ring, I have had one for 2 years and have found it really marvellous, in fact it is everything your claims say it is . . . *Mr. D. Ches.*

. . . I purchased one of your energising rings about two weeks ago with I may say, sir, fantastic results. It's like a new world to me now as I have been impotent nearly twenty years and had almost given up hope . . . I will surely recommend it to anyone in the same position. *Mr. D. Southend.*

The Blakoe Energising Ring is made from lightweight hygienic material containing galvanic inserts which give it electrical energy. No batteries are required. The Blakoe Energising Ring comes in a range of sizes. Please make sure of receiving the correct size by measuring yourself as follows: Take a piece of string and pass it behind the testicles and underneath the neck of the testicle bag. Draw the two ends of the string together above the penis and close to the abdominal wall so that the string encircles both the penis and the neck of the testicle bag. Pull the string comfortably tight, mark the length and carefully measure. If there is uncertainty about the measurement, send the lowest obtained – in the event of an incorrect fitting Ring being supplied we will always make an exchange – no man can ever end up with an incorrectly fitting Ring.

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because we were miles from anywhere.

Quest: And do you keep in touch with Paul?

Shop assistant: No. He lives in London and I only go down occasionally and then it's normally with my Mum or some friends. We wrote once or twice, but that's all.

Quest: Now you've returned home, is your sex-life any different in the light of your holiday experience?

Shop assistant: Well I've got boyfriends at home of course but the whole environment's a lot less free. I mean I can't see myself doing what I did on holiday in the local park! I'd get arrested! It was lovely though, doing it in the open.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Buyer, 25 years old, town of origin Keswick**

This – male interviewee – had left school at the age of 16 and attended a degree level study course in the West Country, where he now worked for a small manufacturing concern. At the time of the interview he was living with his girlfriend whom he planned to marry shortly.

Quest: So the idea of sex in the open air means something special to you?

Buyer: It's turned out that way, yes. I've always thought that first sexual experiences tend to fix your particular likes and dislikes. You're just lucky if someone doesn't happen to be wearing PVC or chains first time off!

Quest: Do you find anything intrinsically exciting about open air sex?

Buyer: There's the thrill of being overlooked or discovered – a kind of risk factor, but I honestly think that appeals to girls more than men. They're much more exhibitionist anyway, aren't they? At least the ones I've known have been. I've never wanted to be a flasher. I really like the freedom of it, the sun on your bum. It's like swimming nude. There's nothing quite like it. Anyway, I'm no expert; it's only happened to me two or three times.

Quest: When was the first?

Buyer: I'm not sure it really counts because it was in a hut in some woods. When I was about sixteen I used to go about with a friend the same age and his cousin – she was more a daughter of a friend of the family he'd more or less grown up with; she was our age, and I suppose she was my first crush. She was very tomboyish but quite feminine – she had shoulder length blonde hair. We talked a lot about sex, I mean all three of us. We both snogged with the girl – I can't even remember her name properly now; Tina, I think – and my friend claimed she'd fondled him through his trousers. I never did find out if he was lying, but I persuaded her to go out alone with me to this ramshackle hut we used to know. It was quite secluded in some trees on the edge of a common. I'm sure half the courting couples in the district knew it, judging by the ground round about. I certainly turned up prepared with a much thumbed packet of three and some bottles of beer I'd borrowed from home.

Quest: What happened?

Buyer: Not a lot. Tina drank most of the booze, which is what I'd intended, and then got terribly giggly. It took hours to get her to take her blouse off, and then suddenly everything came off. She started dancing around the hut stark naked and throwing leaves about. Meanwhile I'd stripped off to my underpants and was trying to get her to come back inside without showing too much of myself outside! It was a farce. In the end she did come back inside again, by which time I'd got my own pants off, but she wouldn't touch me and she wouldn't let me touch her either. I can't even remember if I had an erection. In the end she fell asleep in a corner and I had to cover her up with some of her clothes. But she had a nice body, very small, firm boobs and a nice rounded bottom. She wouldn't see me alone after that.

Quest: When was your next sexual experience?

Buyer: It must have been the following year, though both incidents seem very separated in time now. That was the first time I did it. My first older woman too. Actually I was seduced by an older woman.

Quest: How did you manage that?

Buyer: To be honest, she managed most of it. I must have been seventeen – practically the first time I'd been away from home on my own. Some relatives on the coast were putting me up while I had this temporary job before I went to college. I was a potato picker. Actually it was a marvellous way to get a tan because the weather was superb. We did a field a day. First the tractor would run up and down and turn over the furrows, then we'd mark out each cant – with sticks; the width would depend on how much you could pick in the time – obviously the bigger it was the more cash you had. And you'd fill the sacks as you went, leaving them in stacks behind you. But the most fascinating part of it was that almost all the workers were women – the wives of the local farm workers. There were about a dozen of them, some fairly fat and forty with swarms of kids in tow; but a few of the younger ones were really quite attractive.

Quest: How did you get on with them?

Buyer: Very awkwardly at first. Half the time we were just shy of each other, I suppose – they weren't rough or anything but they were very countrified; I'd never met people like that before. The rest of the time they'd be in fits of laughter about something I said – I must have asked some pretty stupid questions. But I had a fairly active fantasy life going about the nicest ones. There were two favourites – one bosomy blonde whose hair was always in a mess; always giggling. I found her grinning at me one lunch break and went scarlet trying to fight down a raging erection. The other was quieter and older – late twenties, but she was a mature woman as far as I was concerned; she was dark and had a very firm trim figure – not floppy like the blonde. She was quite sophisticated, I thought; she had a very direct way of looking at you, very sultry.

Quest: Which seduced you?

Buyer: Oh the dark one. I hardly talked to her before it happened, though one of the older women told me she had a roving eye – a quiet roving eye; her husband had walked out on her quite recently apparently. I saw her in the local town one day in a restaurant and was determined to chat her up but I ended up sidling past her table and nodding inanely. She must have thought I was cracked. I was always staring at her. Then one day I forgot my lunch box after we'd finished and went back to the field. Everyone seemed to have gone and I was scrabbling through a hedgerow ditch where we'd stopped for lunch and practically walked into Liz – the dark one – pulling up her jeans having just had a pee! I was really sick with embarrassment – not the least of which was seeing her really tight round bum. I'd have just run for the hills if she hadn't called me back and been very business-like and asked me to help carry some things home. Someone had been coming to collect some potatoes she'd been given but they hadn't shown and her kiddy was at home alone. So I helped her.

Quest: Did anything happen?

Buyer: I spent most of the time trying to control my erection, which was stupid – she was behaving very straightforwardly; she wasn't outwardly sexy at all. And when we got home her little girl had brought some schoolfriends so I left them to it. I remember thinking, 'Forget it – she's a mother with a family.' Very short-sighted. When things happened it was right out of the blue. I think it was the last week I was there; the weather broke mid-afternoon and we all went and waited in a big Dutch barn. After nearly two hours it was obvious the rain was there to stay so everyone began trickling off home. I had to wait because my relatives were stopping by later to pick me up. I thought I was alone, sitting on an old packing case, I think, when I heard something behind me and Liz appeared from the back of the barn. She said she'd been dozing; apparently she didn't have to pick up her kiddy until later and it wasn't worth going home first. Then she sat down beside me. My brain meanwhile was racing; for a start she was close which made me nervous enough but I was also trying to work out if she'd meant to be that near. We were talking normally, quite boringly; and then I felt her hip just nudge mine – it could have been an accident but I remember thinking, 'Christ, I think she means it!'

Quest: What was she wearing?

Buyer: Just jeans and a blouse, perhaps a cardigan. I was going berserk – my heart was pumping, my pants were two sizes too small. I kept thinking, 'Do something – for God's sake just try!' And of course it was easy.

Quest: In what way?

Buyer: I turned round, absolutely determined this was going to be it, and she practically leaned into me – I think I even missed her lips straight off, I was so nervous. She kissed beautifully, all open-mouthed and her body was so lush and firm at the same time. I'd only touched teeny boppers before and not very successfully either. I remember lifting up my hand to feel her rib cage and she leaned down so

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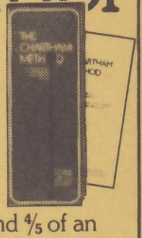

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that my hand went over her breast – I could feel how hard her nipple was and I thought I'd explode – I could feel my loins jump. Then she pulled away and said, 'Are you OK; you're not going to burst all over the place, are you?' I said of course not. And she said, 'Well, let's go somewhere quiet – we haven't much time.' It was like a dream – even then I still thought we would only be going to snog. But she took my hand and led round the back of the barn and into a little copse. She seemed to know where she was going. There was this very small clearing with soft fine grass. We lay down there and began kissing again. This time I touched both her breasts and she began to rub at the front of my jeans, which made me jerk back again. Then she broke away and said, 'I forgot how cocky you youngsters are; do you want me to do it for you?' I hadn't the faintest idea what she meant until she began undoing my belt and tugging at my zip. I said, 'Aren't we both going to take things off? Then she stopped and grinned and said, 'You haven't done it before, have you?' I stammered something but she turned away and began unbuttoning her blouse. 'No looking till I'm ready,' she said. 'Now you get your own duds off – I'm not lying here like a lemon. I don't make a habit of this, you know.' So I turned away and fumbled my own things off, leaving my underpants, and turned back and she was just slipping off her pants. She was gorgeous; very trim with small round breasts – they were shaped like cones at the ends. I think I was very lucky for a first time with a woman like that. I'm sure a right dragon would have put me off for years. She looked nervous for the first time when she saw me staring and very quickly she looked down at my pants and said, 'Don't be shy; they're not covering anything.' So I slid them down and we shuffled towards each other – very awkwardly and self-consciously – and touched; I remember being surprised how warm her skin was, and of course I exploded.

Quest: You ejaculated?

Buyer: Everywhere – it happened so quickly I couldn't help it. I started cursing but she didn't seem to mind at all. She pulled me to her and we lay down on the grass; she was stroking me, almost like a mother with a child, but her hands were moving closer and closer to my prick and stroking it. Finally she bent down and I felt it slip between her lips; she began to suck me, cupping my balls in her hands. By then, of course, I was stiff again – it was the first time I'd ever had a proper blow job. She suddenly twisted back and lay down flat, opening her legs and easing me between them. She was very urgent, very anxious; she was saying, 'Oh I need it, I need it so much. Be slow, won't you; be slow.' And I pushed my prick forward but I couldn't find her hole and she reached down and drew me in – she must have been very damp. And she gave a little strangled scream as I went right in, up to my balls. I began to ease up and down – not very energetically, mainly thinking of not coming again because her body looked so incredible under me. I think I said, 'Isn't it fantastic?' And she leaned forward suddenly and grabbed either side of my hips and said, 'Come on, love; a bit faster –' It was a minute before I realised – it just hadn't occurred to me to really slam in and out of her; so I nearly pulled right out, then came back in again and she nearly went wild; she was saying, 'Oh that's it, that's right; faster now.' And then I was banging backwards and forwards, wondering if my prick would survive. I thought I was killing her; she was panting and gasping and thrashing about – I was absolutely astonished, I'd never seen anything like it before. Then she was whispering, 'Oh God, oh God, I'm coming, I'm coming, oh God!' And she stopped, dead still, biting on her own hand and gave this long, low shiver, then shook her thighs and let out a sigh. After that she didn't move. I was terrified; I thought I'd killed her.

Quest: You hadn't ejaculated again?

Buyer: I hadn't had a chance! She didn't move for what seemed ages, then came to very sleepily. I just sat watching her. Then she jumped up suddenly, asking what time it was. She quietened down a bit when I told her, and began snatching up her clothes; then she moved across and kissed me quickly on the lips and said, 'That was lovely; you're going to be popular, aren't you?' Which pleased me no end. I watched her get dressed, then she looked at me and grinned and said, 'You want some more, don't you, randy little sod,' which was true. She said, 'Come here,' and leaned over and kissed me. But as she did, her hand reached down to my erection and began to pump it slowly. Then at the last minute, when I began to pull away, knowing I'd come, she stopped kissing me, dropped her head suddenly and pushed my prick into her mouth. She only needed to flick the top with her tongue and I gushed. After that I slumped back, exhausted, and she jumped away, tucking in her blouse.

Quest: Did you have sex again?

Buyer: No. For two days she sat with the other women at meal breaks, so I couldn't get her on her own. On the third day I waited for her after work, and it was fairly embarrassing.

Quest: In what way?

Buyer: Basically she didn't want to know. She was very cold, off-hand. I ended up getting angry; then she softened a bit and told me she'd just been silly, things had got out of hand; she was sorry but she had to get home to her kids.

Quest: That was that?

Buyer: With her, yes.

Quest: And your open air sex career?

Buyer: I wouldn't call it a career. My fiancée Pam and I did have a go on a camping holiday on Exmoor last summer. In the light of a camp fire. It was fantastic but we were miles from anywhere. I don't see us rolling about on our front lawn.

Quest: Thank you very much.

Three **Housewife, 25 years old, redhead, town of origin Winchester**

This interviewee, a bright and bubbly woman, left school at seventeen to join a provincial newspaper as a probationary reporter before signing her indentures. She is married and lives with her husband and two small children.

Quest: Have you always enjoyed an inventive sex life?

Housewife: I wouldn't go so far – but I have tried various things and generally liked them.

Quest: Like what?

Housewife: Oh, I don't know. Fellatio, I suppose, and trying out different positions, mild bondage and even making love in unusual places.

Quest: It's this latter admission which interests me, but first could you tell me if you consider yourself a liberated woman?

Housewife: Just because I'm not wearing a bra! I thought that when I was a reporter *I* used some clichés. But boy, 'liberated woman'. I perhaps give that impression but it's not because I'm a women's libber – it's if anything because I'm a very confident-type person. Some might even say over-powering, bossy: but that's not true, really. I'm basically honest – I say what's on my mind and what I'm thinking.

Quest: Does that include sex as well?

Housewife: Do you mean do I discuss sex openly? Well, yes. It's such an important part of my life, of everyone's life. And don't try to read anything into that statement. Sex, as far as I am concerned, is what a lasting and loving relationship is founded upon.

Quest: So you were the one who instigated these deviations from the sexual norm?

Housewife: God, you make me sound like the Happy Hooker. I don't really believe that my sex life is all that different from anyone else's. I just can't accept that other women just lie under their man and groan. It's absurd. Sex is as much for the woman as it is for the man. Women with low sex drives just haven't met the right man.

Quest: You seem to hold some very strong views.

Housewife: I do. But back to your question, no, I wasn't the instigator every time. Things like fellatio just sort of came naturally. I wanted to see what it was like because I had read about it. I liked it and it made my man go wild. It still does.

Quest: And what about bondage?

Housewife: Oh that. It's just a long-time fantasy of mine to be tied to a bed so I couldn't move and have all sorts of horrible things done to me.

Quest: Has it reached fruition?

Housewife: I'm working on it, but I think if I asked Marty he'd be shocked.

Quest: And the last item you mentioned – making love in unusual places?

Housewife: That's not a fantasy.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Housewife: There's nothing really to tell. I'm sure you've heard it time and time again.

Quest: Where did this fantasy have its origins?

Housewife: I think it stems from the first time I actually had it. I was eighteen and I'd been dating this boy for about six months. He was always on at me to let him go all the way, but I was scared stiff of getting pregnant. We used to do most other

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things but I'd actually stop short of letting him put it in me. I used to enjoy petting, playing with his thing until I made it spurt, but it wasn't until I went camping with him one weekend in the New Forest that we actually got to do it. When I look back now, it was quite romantic in the thought if not the action.

Quest: Explain that please.

Housewife: Well it's just that I think making love outside is quite sexy – I suppose the thought of being discovered is an integral part of it all. It *is* quite sexy it was just that for the first time it was a non-event. It got better during that weekend though.

Quest: How many times did you make love?

Housewife: It takes so long to work yourself up to going all the way; then when you do, it's like a release and it becomes all right to do it. We made love the first time on the Saturday afternoon when we went for a walk, and were at it in the tent most of Sunday.

Quest: Tell me about it.

Housewife: You just want the juicy bits, I know. Dave had set up the tent on this farm owned by a friend of his father. Evidently they used to go there quite regularly. I had just started my indentures and Dave was one of the older reporters on my paper. He was twenty at the time. I was lucky really in that I'd had to move away from home because of my job – if I'd been at home my parents would never have let me go camping with a boy.

Quest: Please continue.

Housewife: We arrived on the Saturday morning, set everything up and in the afternoon went into the local village to get a few things. It was funny really, as we both knew something was going to happen. We got a few things and put them in the car and Dave suggested that we stayed on and had a few drinks in a nice pub he knew. I had a pint of lager – in two halves, I might add – and I began to feel rather tiddly. It was only that I hadn't had a thing to eat that day and as I'm not a great one for drinking at the best of times it seemed to go straight to my head.

Quest: With what result?

Housewife: We got back to the farm about seven-thirty, put the things away and then Dave suggested we went for a walk to clear our heads. Anyway we wandered into the woods – it was a beautiful balmy evening – and started a silly game of hide-and-seek. It was really childish now I think about it. I went to hide and thought I'd fooled Dave when I heard someone come up behind me. It was David, but it gave me a start. Anyway he grabbed me from behind and his hands just nuzzled under my breasts. He made some comment about how nice they felt and all of a sudden he was fondling them through my T-shirt. I turned round to him and we were kissing. It was then that I knew we were going to do it right there. Dave eased my T-shirt over my breasts and unclipped my bra and hoisted that round my neck too. At the time I was so involved in what was happening to me that I forgot about where we were, that anyone could see us. It didn't matter then. I felt Dave's breath on my nipples and his tongue started to tease them. My head was spinning and I could hear my own heartbeat. I just wanted to do it. We tumbled to the ground, Dave undid my jeans and dragged them right down and off one leg then undid his belt and fly and I remember, when I saw his thingy jump out, thinking how large it looked.

Quest: So you made love on the ground?

Housewife: Yes. And I really did see stars. Dave was very good once inside me: he didn't try too hard too fast. It was such a beautiful feeling – complete abandonment. And his rhythm was tremendous. I didn't know much about it – screwing – then, but as he got faster and faster his prick felt like a battering ram inside me and when he came inside me it was like a bomb going off. I was senseless. After a few minutes I came to and looked up and all I could see was light filtering through the leaves. And then it struck me where we were and I had to get dressed hurriedly.

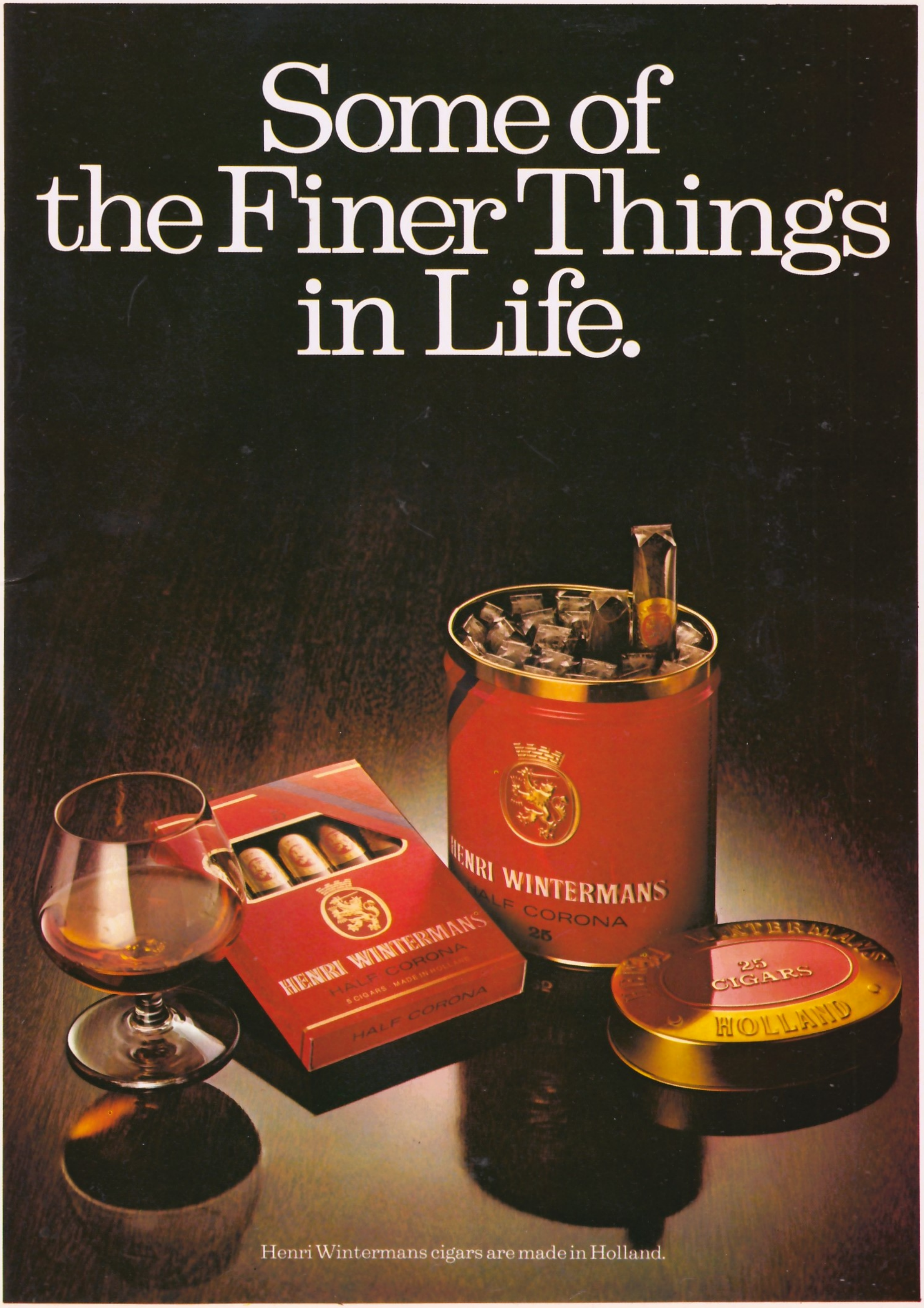
Quest: That obviously helped develop your liking for open air sex, but you didn't make love outside again for many years.

Housewife: About four. Marty, my husband, is far from a prude, and he does come out with some unusual things occasionally. I hadn't given open air sex much thought, but a couple of years ago Marty and I and another couple hired a boat on the Norfolk Broads and if you know the Broads there's nothing much to do but fish, relax, eat and drink. We seemed to be doing most of the latter. Anyway one day we tied up by this pub and spent a quiet afternoon getting sozzled. Later we moved on and found a shady little spot to moor for the night. It was really secluded, in this sort of creek leading off the river and as it was Peter and Sue's turn to make tea, Marty and I went off to explore the area. About fifty yards away was a thicket and we made our way to it and had a look round. It was one of those times when you're so happy to be in love – and we were talking about having our first baby. I felt very romantic and out of the blue Marty said 'Let's make love here'. The thing was that he meant it as a joke. Well, if not as a joke, then not seriously and I said 'Yes, lets.' Am I boring you?

Quest: No, please continue.

Housewife: We were only dressed for the boat. Marty had on a pair of shorts and I had on shorts and a shirt, tied in a bow. We found a nice comfy spot and undressed and Marty took me doggy-fashion. It's one of my favourite positions as I can push back more and respond better to his thrusting. It was the best I've had. Marty was so fierce – literally pounding into me and his hands on my breasts, kneading them and gently stroking my clitoris, that although I didn't have a mind-blowing orgasm, it still sticks vividly in my mind. And of course when we got back to the boat Peter and Sue were a bit uneasy and during the evening it became clear that they too had gone for a walk and had seen us. Afterwards, though, it was all alright and was soon forgotten.

Quest: Thank you.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CAROL

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Mention Mormons to 20-year-old Carol Williams and she is liable to go up the wall. For she often gets mistaken for the famous sex-in-chains girl Joyce McKinney who was charged with kidnapping a Mormon missionary she much fancied. But after she calms down Carol, an attractive 38-24-36 salesgirl in an Oxford Street store, can tell many amusing stories about the confusion over her real identity. 'I have got nothing against their religion, but every time I hear the word Mormon, it reminds me of the case. It isn't so bad now, but at the time of the trial people were coming up to me all the time. Luckily most of the incidents were funny, but one or two people were a bit rude to me. Still, they were apologetic when they realised what a ridiculous mistake they had made.'

To make matters worse, Carol has an American accent, lingering from her native New York, which two years of living in Islington have not changed. It is more often men who think they recognise her as Joyce McKinney, and they volunteer to be the next victim to be kidnapped. 'But once a little old lady came up to me in a café and said she didn't believe all the stories about me in the newspapers, as I looked like a nice girl. I tried to tell her she had got the wrong person, but she winked and promised not to reveal my secret.'

As a result of her mistaken identities, Carol has read reference books about the Mormons. 'I love to read anyway so I thought I may as well know all about the religion. I have also read as much as I can about Joyce McKinney herself. She seems quite a girl. It would be funny if I became well known after appearing in *Mayfair* so that she was mistaken for me.'

Carol's boyfriend thinks the whole thing is very funny, especially when people 'recognise' her but are too shy to say anything. 'He jokes about me buying chains to take the similarities a bit further but that doesn't appeal to me. Still, I may kidnap him one of these days, but it would just be a giggle.'

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LETTERS

continued from page 14

more like an osteopath than a masseuse, twisting my neck, pulling on all my joints.

After a while she turned me on my back and spoke for the first time. She asked me if I wanted a body massage, and as I thought that was what I was already getting I said yes. She then started sucking my nipples and rubbing against me in the most sensual way, almost making love to me, she was so expert. Each time I approached an orgasm she slowed down.

Then she attached two plastic boxes to the backs of her hands and started to touch my most sensitive parts, each time not quite letting me come off.

She then put the lights right down and rang a bell. The door opened and in walked the lady from the night club with a handsome Englishman.

She asked if I wished to make love with him. I told her I wanted to keep my desire for my boyfriend.

She turned down the lights ever lower and took me over to the mirror on the wall. I could just see the other side where my boyfriend was on top of a girl making love. The lady said he would not be able to do anything for me after she had finished with him.

I didn't feel at all jealous and I agreed to have sex with the Englishman, but not complete sex.

He said he admired me for not allowing myself to be used and I felt so confident that I insisted on taking off his clothes. I could see that he was about to come.

I told the girl to bathe him and to pay particular attention to his prick as I may just take it in my mouth.

She quickly bathed him and I played with myself as he stood in front of me being dried by the girl.

As he came close to me I felt my self-control ebbing away and he was now in charge. He kissed my tits, just brushed my lips with his then forced his prick into my mouth. I obeyed him totally. He then lay on top of me and slid his prick gently into me. I had an instant orgasm.

He then proceeded to screw me unmercifully.

Afterwards he gently withdrew and the Thai girl washed me. I asked him why the lady had gone to so much trouble for him and he said he had seen me in the night club and his girlfriend had suggested it as a special treat.

I went downstairs to my boyfriend and we both confessed that we had been fucked.

I love to go over in my mind my first sexy night in Bangkok. The other nights were lovely but I would never hope to enjoy anything more again.

(Name and address withheld)

WHAT DO THE BEATLES, PINK FLOYD, AL STEWART and EDGAR ALLAN POE HAVE IN COMMON?

THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT
EVE
THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT

ALAN PARSONS

After working as assistant engineer on the Beatles' Abbey Road album, Alan Parsons went on to become Britain's most creative studio engineer. The Pink Floyd's classic DARK SIDE OF THE MOON LP as well as recordings by Paul McCartney and The Hollies are testaments to his artistry with sound. Then, as producer, Parsons applied his innovative skills to the music of people like John Miles, Pilot, Cockney Rebel and Al Stewart; delighting critics and listeners alike. But despite the success, Parsons' restless talent was still not fully satisfied. He decided on a bold step. The producer would become the artist; creating music in much the same way as a director makes a film. The outcome was an album that interpreted in modern style the timeless appeal of Edgar Allan Poe's Tales of Mystery and Imagination. For this album, as well as for Dark Side Of The Moon, Parsons was nominated for a Grammy, the highest award in the music industry.

Since then, Parsons has devoted himself, with collaborator Eric Woolfson, to creating a trilogy of powerful albums, each one of epic proportions and combining the very best of contemporary rock with perfection of studio production. The first album, I ROBOT, released in 1977, sold over a million copies in the USA and charted right across the world. The second album, PYRAMID, met with similar success and showed that Parsons' horizons were continuing to extend. Now comes the release of the final work, EVE. It is the result of everything that has gone before, and the beginning of much to come.

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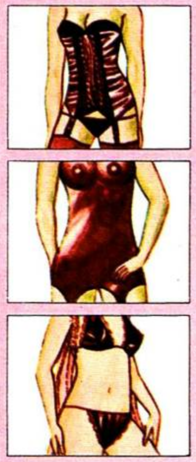

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LETTERS

continued from page 120

and took my eager hand and placed it on her crotch.

I was now very excited and gently I pushed two fingers in and was overwhelmed by the wet and warm sensation.

The woman began to move up and down on my fingers while she rubbed me. I came within 30 seconds.

Immediately after this she became tense, groaned and her vagina gripped my fingers tightly.

The woman then got up and tidied herself up. I shyly put my damp prick into my trousers again and just did not know what to say to her.

Throughout the entire journey we had said very little to each other, and at Bexhill Station she got up, leaned forward and kissed me lightly on the cheek. She got out and I saw her for the last time as she walked through the ticket barrier.

S J, Hull

I am a guard on British Railways in the Midlands area and I would like to share what for me was a unique experience.

When new guards join BR they are treated to many stories of women offering themselves for a free ride and so on. I found these stories, told by the older guards, somewhat bizarre and never took much notice of them. Well, one early morning while working a local train to Derby a lady I presumed to be in her late thirties and fairly shapely with nice breasts arrived at my guards van door with several large suitcases. I stacked her cases in the van and we started the journey. Now at this point most passengers retire to the passenger compartment but as I went to unlock the door she stopped me and asked if she could stay with me as she had just come up from London and had not seen a soul.

I readily agreed and during the next few minutes we became very friendly.

It was a very warm morning and her blouse was unbuttoned enough for me to see her firm cleavage and the side of each breast. This of course had an instant reaction on my penis.

Then, while talking about her family, she mentioned that a week or two previously she had caught her 12-year-old son masturbating.

Then I was very surprised when she asked me if I masturbated. Nervously I replied that I did quite often. She said that her husband would never let her wank him off. By now my throat was very dry and my prick throbbing hard.

Then as we approached a tunnel I jumped up to reach for the train lights which were just behind where she was sitting. As I reached for it my penis came level with her face. Without a word of warning she rubbed her hand across my swollen bulge.

After the tunnel had passed she pulled me round to sit on her lap. Then with her hands in front of me released my prick from my trousers.

With my trousers and pants down around my ankles she began a series of long firm strokes until after a few minutes and several groans I told her I was about to come.

She pulled me around to face her and said she wanted to see it. After a few more fast and furious strokes I had a violent climax which she watched with fascination.

Unfortunately, our short relationship ended soon after when she reached her station.

T B, Birmingham

As a hairdresser it astonishes me to see that so many of your lovely models, including your stripgirl Carrie, pay so little regard to harmonised hair colour.

Their faces are framed in gold, whereas their bush is pitch black.

Now both blonde and black hair can be beautiful on a woman, but it should be one or the other. Contrasts are deeply disturbing, both visually and psychologically; they may very well form the unconscious reason why so many men harbour the barbarous proposal that women should shave their pubes.

In the past this colour discrepancy may not have mattered as even husbands were not supposed to glimpse more of their wives' charms than a careless negligée revealed. Today it is different.

Four years ago I started my comprehensive hair service with Diane, then my girlfriend, now my wife, by dyeing ALL her hair blonde. She was

turn to page 127

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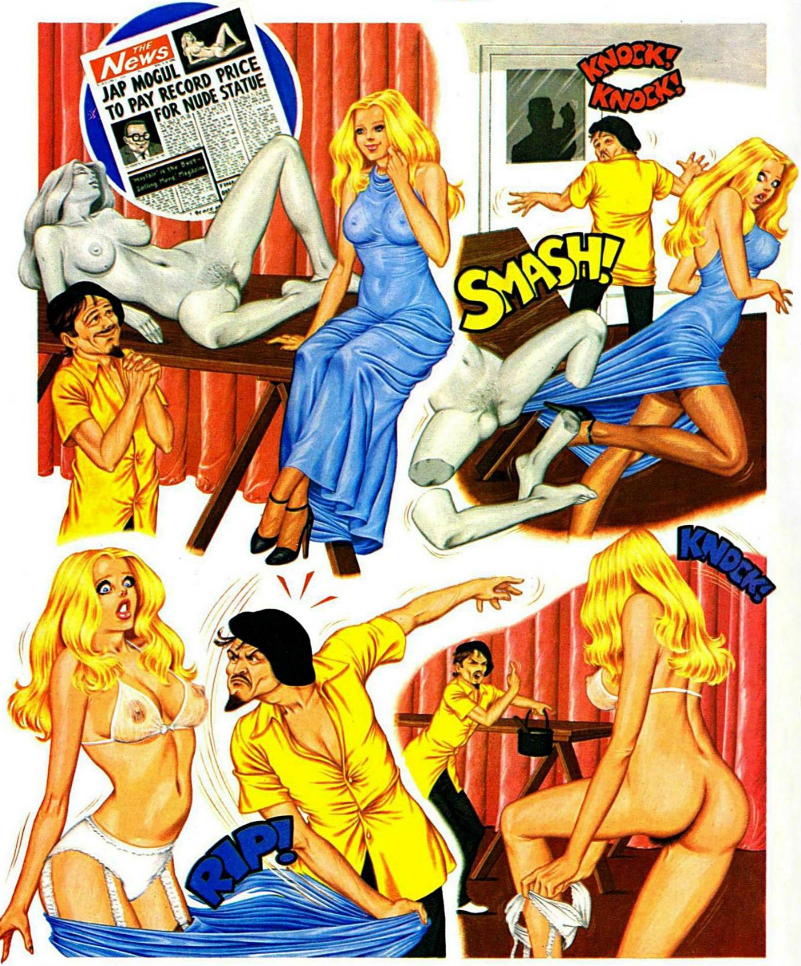
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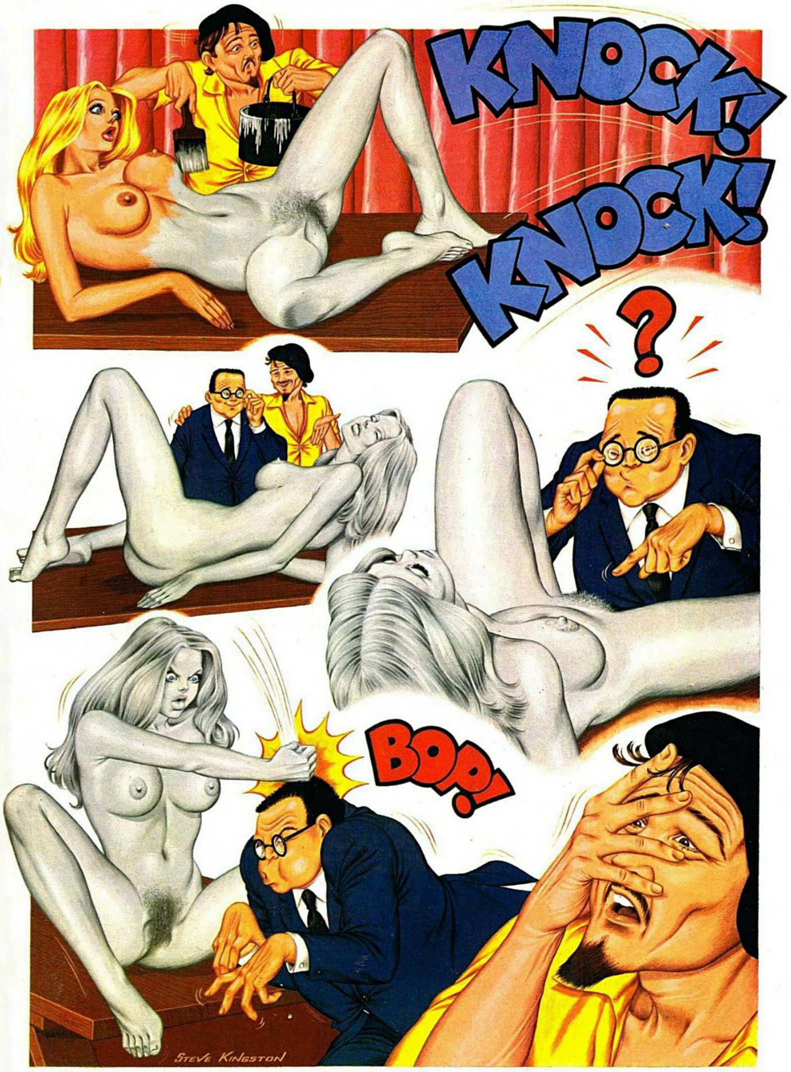
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LETTERS

continued from page 122

so delighted with the effect that she recommended it to her entire family. Thus her twin sister, two of her cousins and, believe it or not, an aunt of hers, had themselves treated similarly, and they spread the good news.

The result is that I have by now applied this service to almost 50 women, some of them more than once. I may add that none of them, to the best of my knowledge, is a call girl or prostitute. These girls just like to please themselves, their men, or their women – a few confided to me that they were lesbians. Some technical notes may be of general interest, in particular to your women readers. The job is not difficult, though it needs some deft handiwork for the hair between the thighs, which must on no account be forgotten.

But as clients are usually quite co-operative and open their legs wide, I do not find it hard work.

It may be added that the colour need not be renewed often as this hair is not exposed to the effect of air and sun; about once a year suffices. Whereas doctors in similar situations proceed in a pronouncedly impersonal manner, I have found that this principle is no good.

A nice chat, and a drink constitute a promising introduction. Of course, as a confidence-building measure, I always offer to have a woman assistant present during the entire proceedings. This is invariably refused. It would be wrong to think that this service culminates in a passionate love session. Apart from clients with whom I have been in bed before, such as my sister-in-law who shares *everything* with my wife, there have, with a solitary exception, never been such consequences.

That doesn't mean that the treatment does not constitute a wonderful erotic experience for both sides.

As to the client, I have noticed that when I ask her to undress she always disrobes completely, though it would suffice for her to take off her skirt and whatever she may wear under it. But here the exhibitionist slumbering in every woman wakes up and she wants me to see her all.

Also, while her slit may at the beginning be narrow and as dry as a desert wadi in summer, it gradually opens up and starts to glisten with moisture as my hands work around that region.

Of course for me it is arousing to see so many female attractions, to touch them, perhaps also play a little with them under the guise of work.

Perhaps I may give details of the exception mentioned. Once a woman rang me to make an appointment for the comprehensive service she had heard about from a friend. She admitted that she was nervous about it and added that she hated the idea that I should see her face in case she met me later at a social gathering. More as a joke, I told her she could wear a mask over her face. To my surprise she appeared in my salon so attired. An agreeably plump woman, young to judge from her figure, wearing nothing, absolutely nothing, except a mask – the sight fascinated me.

After having treated her she said that she was not quite satisfied, grabbed the zip of my trousers and took out my cock.

'It is not much,' she said, looking through the eye slits of her mask at my modestly proportioned member, 'but it will do.' It did.

All this was repeated when she appeared one year later for a refresher. To this day I do not know who she is.

Name and address withheld

I read with great interest other readers' contributions to your graffiti files and couldn't help adding a sample of my favourites which I have not yet seen in your columns:

You can do it in a Spitfire – Don't boast about all your Triumphs.

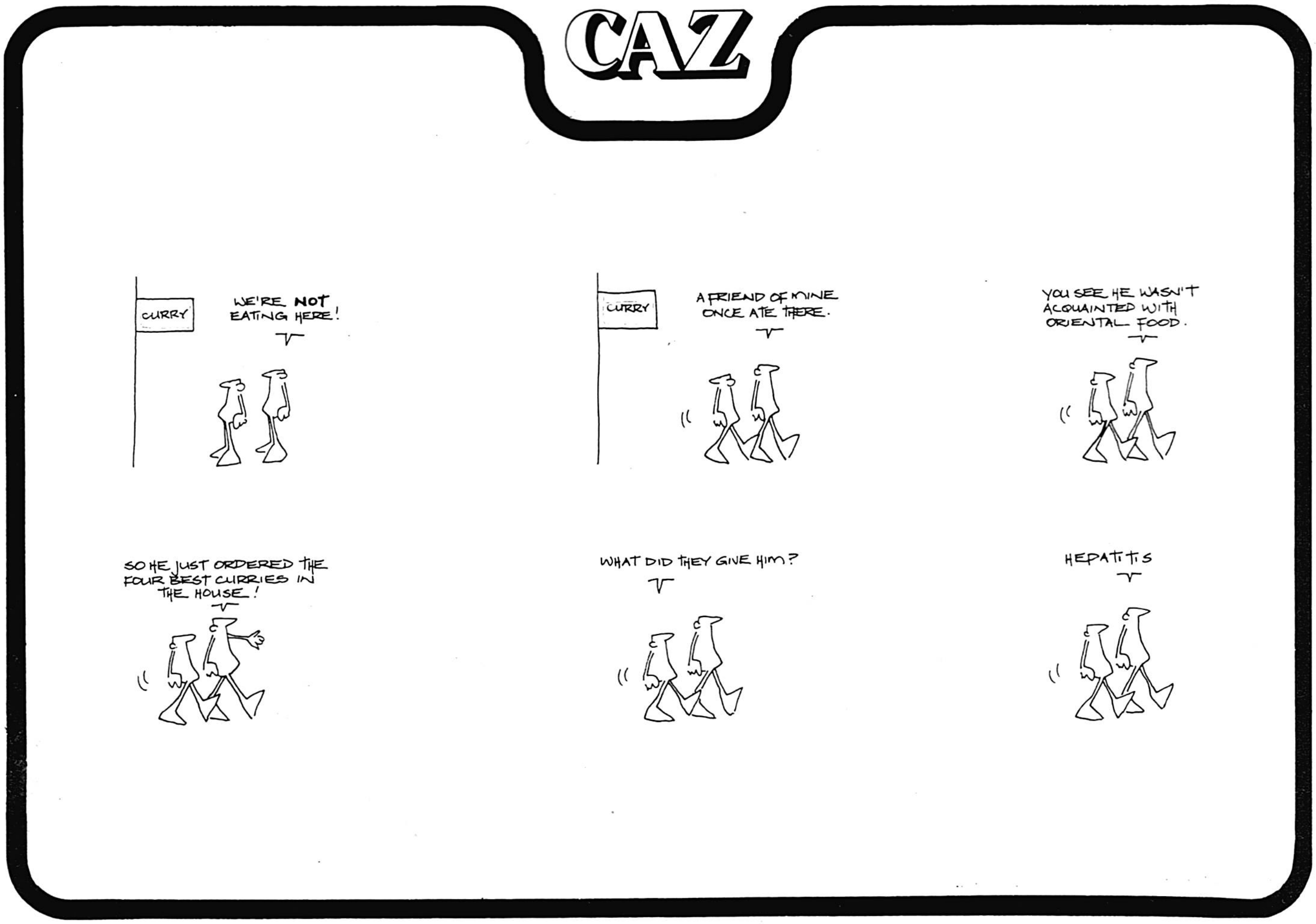
The upper crust are just a lot of crumbs sticking together.

Don't vote. The Government will get in.

Drink wet cement and get really stoned.

Name and address withheld

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ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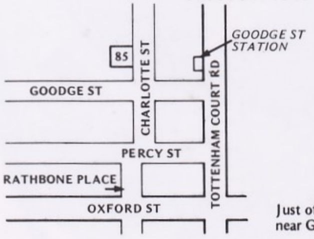

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